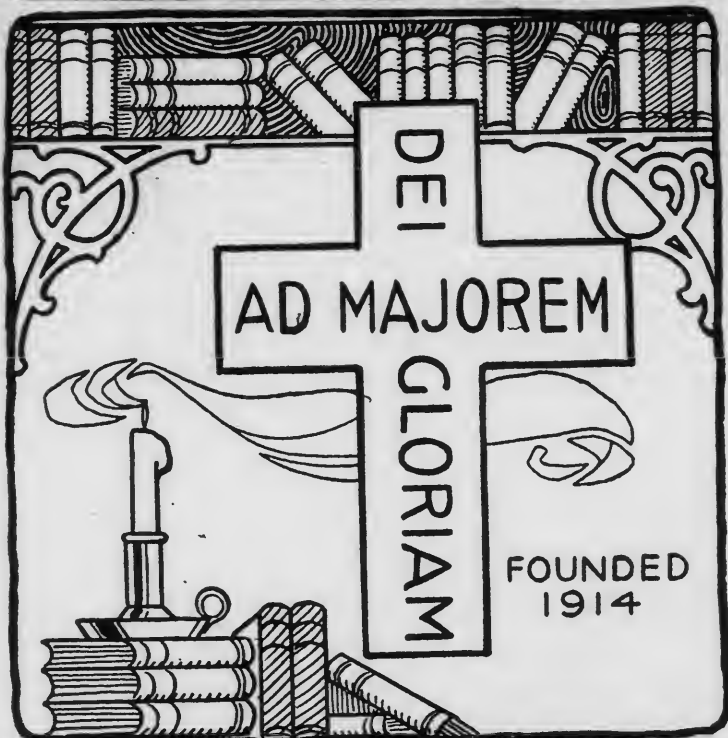


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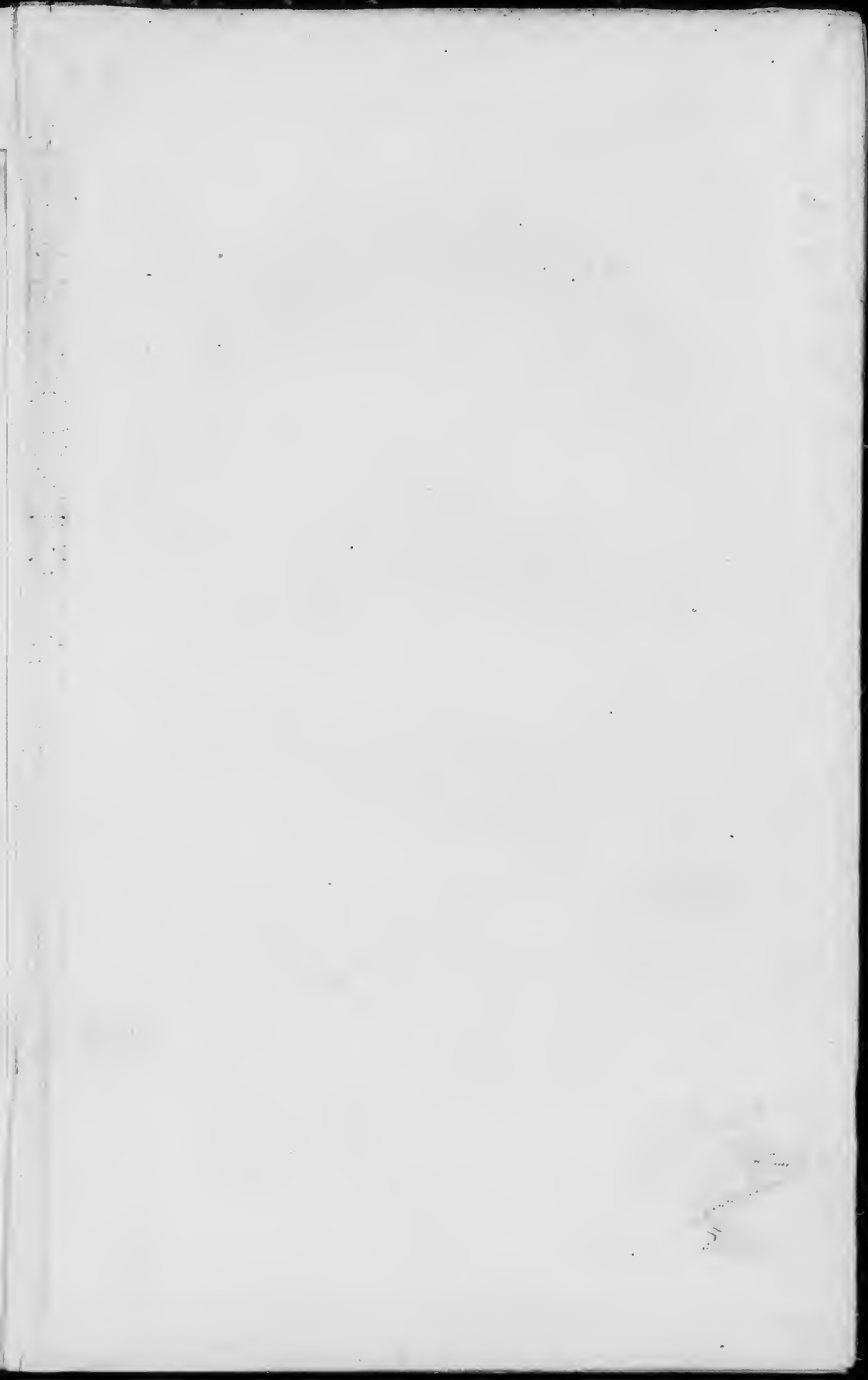
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THE
WESLEYAN CENTENARY,
AN
HISTORIC POEM

IN TWELVE BOOKS;

INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE WEST INDIES &c.

BY GEORGE BEARD,

LATE MISSIONARY.

~~~~~  
"HAPPY ART THOU, O ISRAEL: WHO IS LIKE UNTO THEE, O  
PEOPLE SAVED BY THE LORD, THE SHIELD OF THY HELP,  
AND WHO IS THE SWORD OF THY EXCELLENCY! AND THINE  
ENEMIES SHALL BE FOUND LIARS UNTO THEE; AND THOU  
SHALT TREAD UPON THEIR HIGH PLACES." *Deut. xxxiii. 29.*  
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• LONDON:

J. C. BEARD, CHURCH STREET, TRINITY SQUARE,
SOUTHWARK.

J. MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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P. PARKER AND CO., 181, LONG LANE, SOUTHWARK;
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1840.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE
REV. THOMAS JACKSON,
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

With the subject of the ensuing Poem your honored name must for ever be associated. This circumstance, together with the remembrance of your kindness and urbanity towards the Author before he left the land of his fathers, impressed his mind, when he first began the following composition in one of the West India Islands. It was the perusal of the speeches delivered at those delightful meetings, over which you so ably presided, that warmed the heart of one, then, through weakness, about to retire from the Mission-field. The hope of being spared to be present at the Centenary Conference, was indeed precious; and through divine mercy realized. At the opening

of that Conference you occupied the Chair. Yours too, was the arduous but honourable task of delivering the Centenary Sermon. Sir, without adulation, permit me to believe that your brethren and sons in the gospel, felt it to be a time never-to-be-forgotten—that you were Divinely assisted. To your admirable Centenary Volume, I am also largely indebted.—To whom then, but to yourself should I present this humble offering: craving your kind indulgence in the forgiveness of its weaknesses, and in the acceptance of what in it, may be deemed calculated to promote the welfare of Wesleyan Methodism.

That your useful life may be long protracted, and that when you shall be removed from the walls of our Jerusalem, you may with our venerated Founder, stand for ever as “a pillar in the house above;” is the sincere prayer of,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your obliged and humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Helstone, April, 1840.

PREFACE.

THE revolution of one hundred years, must necessarily produce many and great changes. Among these changes, those which affect the progress of religion, will be regarded with more than ordinary interest by the mind of every christian; we cannot wonder therefore, that the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism should excite high and peculiar feelings in the whole Body. The eloquent addresses, the grateful acknowledgements, and unprecedented display of christian liberality, have been indeed fitting the occasion. The subject therefore, is of an inspiring character. The talents of a Milton, a Cowper, a Watts, or a Wesley, would be required to celebrate in worthy numbers, such a delightful consummation;—that generations yet to come, may not only consult the archives of history, or the records of the connexion; but referring to the Poet's page, may be refreshed by recollections from the Muses of such ever-to-be remembered days.

To such talents the writer of this work lays no claim; yet has he been a delighted, if not enchanted beholder, of some of those circumstances which he has attempted to record in the ensuing lines.

The origin of a Book is sometimes matter of curiosity to the reader, and in this case is easily supplied. The writer as a Missionary, has been called to pass through scenes in which both pleasing and painful emotions have been conflicting together in his heart : He has frequently endeavored to improve the parting scenes of a missionary life, by the aid of the pen pouring the unvarnished effusions of his heart, to his dear and valued friends. He was in a state of extreme debility, was expecting shortly to return to his native land, and was already pledged to his brethren to publish a volume of Minor Poems ; when "The Watchman" arrived at Grenada with the news of the Wesleyan Centenary Meetings, held in Manchester. The report of those proceedings was read with the deepest interest ; and though oppressed with weakness, it was electricity :—good news from a far, but much-loved country. At the next service held in the Wesleyan Chapel, he could not restrain his feelings, but told them to the assembled auditory, saying, "It is an honor to be even an appendage to Wesleyan Methodism." In consequence of this observation, it was suggested by some friends that a piece on the Centenary, ought to be inserted in the Minor Poems : in compliance with this wish, the author sat down intending only one or two hundred lines. The theme filled his heart,—the subject opened before his mind—and he was led on, until the hundreds were multiplied into thousands ; and those thousands now appear before the eye of the candid reader.

At the time when these sheets were nearly through the press, a Poem bearing a similar title from a respectable author, was presented to the public; the preceding remarks will however serve to show, that no idea of competition could be possibly entertained; and it is presumed, from the different circumstances of the writers, that the historic features of the narrative, as well as the measure of the poetry, will be perfectly dissimilar.

That section of the work, which has a particular reference to the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies, may by some be considered as unconnected with the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism: with all due deference, the author as a West Indian Missionary, must beg to express a different opinion; he cannot but believe, that the accomplishment of that great object, was very materially accelerated by the united efforts of the Ministers, the Missionaries, and the people, of the Wesleyan section of the Christian Church. With these views the humble Poet could not but introduce a carol on the glorious event.

It may not be uninteresting to the Reader, to know that the Poem was commenced in one of the West Indian islands; a part of it was composed while the Author was crossing the "Deep blue sea," on his homeward voyage; and the conclusion has been indited in the midst of the labors of a Home circuit.

From a variety of circumstances, the appearance of this little work, has been long delayed; yet that delay, has not been without some advantages: by it the Poem has been carried in its narrative up to the latest possible period. The reader will find in the closing Book, some notices which have a reference to events that have transpired since the Centenary Conference, as well as to those celebrations which have taken place in various Wesleyan communities, in distant lands.

The Author commends this humble effusion to the kind and christian candour of the Wesleyan Brotherhood; whether found on this, or on the other side, of the vast Atlantic; and prays, that the second Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, may, by the blessing of the great Head of the Church, be crowned with an increase of a thousand-fold.

G. BEARD.

HELSTONE, APRIL, 1840.

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WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK I.

Invocation.—Progress of time.—Retrospective view.—Moral of the Centenary.

GENIUS of holy love!—come touch the lyre,
And let my numbers flow in thoughts of fire;
Imagination,—place before the sight,
Those Christian Chieftains now in worlds of light;
Fond mem'ry,—trace their forms, their virtues trace;
How high their courage, and how rich their grace:
They bore the cross in all its varied forms,
Endur'd affliction, e'en a fight of storms:
But "not forsaken," valiant in the fight,
Pour'd on earth's darken'd sons a flood of light;
While they with zeal a Saviour's flag unfurl'd,
And told of mercy for a ruin'd world.

Then Retrospection come! afford thine aid,
To rescue WORTHIES from oblivion's shade:

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To rescue WORTHIES from oblivion's shade:

And let the present race with zeal inspir'd,
 Fill up their varied posts,—from which retir'd,
 They now the victor's shout for ever raise,
 And fill the heavenly arch with songs of praise.

Come chiefly thou, Great Master of them all,
 Whose love induc'd them to obey thy call;
 Whose spirit fir'd, whose gospel fill'd their heart,
 And made them long thy blessings to impart;—
 Inspire my theme, and pour the soul of song,
 As bards of old in thoughts divine and strong;
 Oh bless the effort made thy truth to spread
 Great King of Saints! and of thy church the head:
 Thy servants work,—their vast success we see,
 But give the undivided glory still to Thee:
 The might, the power, the work, O Lord is thine,
 Shine forth in splendor,—on thy churches shine.

Time rolls along, and all things waste away,—
 Man is himself, the creature of a day:
 Moments flow fast, and days, and months, and years,
 Succeed each other in this vale of tears:
 In vain we strive t'impede the urging stream,
 • Onward we move, till waking from the dream
 Of earthly joys, we see, and feel, and know,
 That man's a pilgrim in this world of woe.
 In youth, how long the vista lies before
 His raptur'd vision, fain would he explore
 The scenes elysian, fancy brings to view,
 Where "all is beautiful, for all is new."
 But when at length the summit height he gains,
 How small the recompense of all his pains:

Backward he looks with retrospective eye,
 And sees his pleasures, and his years gone bye.
 His fathers—where are they?—the prophets?—seers?
 The fond companions of his early years;
 The dear associates with whom he walk'd
 To God's blest house, and of his wonders talk'd,
 Till warm'd, and fir'd, as seraphim above,
 They went victorious on in holy love;
 And edg'd with zeal as steel to steel imparts,
 They smote the conscience,—conquer'd many hearts,—
 And as the sun—rejoicing in their might,
 Adorn'd the world with heav'nly peace and light.

So look we back to bye-gone scenes and men,
 (Oh! who shall "look upon their like again,")
 So look we back to "days when giants were,"
 The "*world their parish*"*—human souls their care;
 And while the past and present we survey,
 The moral cries "Oh work while yet 'tis day!"
 Time stays not for thee;—generations past,
 Proclaim, thy generation cannot last:
 Review past years, and mark their rapid flight;—
 Life is a day,—and oh, how soon 'tis night.

Then sons of WESLEY, backward as ye trace,
 Your ancient pedigree and noble race;

* That he was averse to settle as a parish Minister, is certain; and the man who regarded "the world as his parish," must have had large views of usefulness."—see Watson's Life of Wesley.

Oh think, and deeply feel the motive strong,
How swift a HUNDRED years have pass'd along,
Since first your brotherhood had heav'nly birth,
And truth from WESLEY's lips charm'd sons of earth.
But should the Poet fail, or fruitless preach,
Let the CENTENARY this lesson teach;
That now to sow, is to lay up in store,
That he who scatters much, shall gather more;
That mortal life when thus we consecrate,
Shall wear a lasting,—an immortal date;
That children's children, still may pass away,
But mem'ry of the saints shall not decay;
Their names shall live, and their example stand,
The model, bulwark, glory, of the land.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

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Thoughts of home.—Privileges of the British nation.—Religious Anniversaries.—Prayer for the Country.—State of Society a hundred years past.—Formality of the great.—Profanity of the lower classes.—Patience of God.—Paucity and inefficiency of Christian Ministers.

THE wand'ring bird that leaves her native nest,
Flies far and wide, in vain to seek for rest;
The dear remembrance of her little home,
Reminds her oft, how foolish 'tis to roam:
All, all around her soon may be forgot,
But not that favor'd, homely, happy spot;
For it she pants, to reach it still she tries,
And should she gain it,—peacefully she dies.

And ALBION dearest isle of the blue sea,*
 Who that has seen thee, would but ever see;
 Who that has spent in thee his month of May,†
 Can e'er forget thee, or forget the day;
 Who that has seen thy commerce and thy wealth,
 Thy Halls of learning; and thy scenes of health;
 Thy wond'rous stores of eloquence and truth,
 To charm alike the vet'ran and the youth;
 Thy dear domestic homes, where peace and love,
 And pure religion, fit for bliss above:
 Oh! who has seen all this, and watch'd thee well,
 With patriot zeal, nor felt his bosom swell
 With inward wish, to see thee rise on high,
 And bless the world, and check the bondman's sigh.‡
 Oh yes my Country! though no Cowper sings,
 With honey dropping from his soaring wings;
 Yet would the humble muse delighted say,
 "I love thee" still, and for thee will I pray.

* The reader will bear in mind that the succeeding paragraph was penned in one of the West India Islands after the absence of more than *thirteen* years, and in the hope and prospect of shortly returning. The Author is not ashamed to avow that the "fond idea" thrilled his bosom, and that England appeared to him *deservedly* "*the joy of the whole earth.*"

† This is a reference to the annual meetings of various religious Societies held in London in the "*blooming*" or more scriptually the "*blossoming*" month of May.

‡ The writer had the happiness of witnessing the termination of Slavery in the West Indies and the following sentiments were expressed by him to friends at home.

God of my Fathers—bless my native isle,
 And on her sons and daughters ever smile;
 On young VICTORIA'S head descend thy dew,
 May Britain live, and be for ever true;—
 True to her God—true to her friends and foes,
 And on the word of truth herself repose.
 So shall she rise, the brave, the strong, the free,
 Sweet land of light, and peace, and liberty.
 Accept the wand'rer's pray'r, O Lord of might,
 And let her rise victorious in thy sight.

Time was, when Britain's sons on folly bent,
 Pursu'd a vicious course, their days misspent;
 "Forsook their Rock" as Israel did of old,
 And barter'd peace, for vanity and gold.
 The high, the great, with sanctimonious pride,
 Wore virtue's garb, (though self was not denied);
 With pharisaic zeal, they sought to find
 A road to heav'n, above the common kind;
 Devoted all their strength to forms and creeds,
 And thought themselves performing mighty deeds;
 Yet destitute of heav'n-descending grace,
 A faithless, formal, self-important race;

"The glorious 1st. of August took away the bone of contention—rent the vail of prejudice—put the suspected Missionary on fair ground—and while his heart glowed with a patriot feeling and he sighed with Cowper "*England my Country I love thee still*" he loved her the more when he contemplated the noble resolve and sacrifice by which she unchained the gospel chariot, and said to her Missionaries in the language of her redeemer "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

No cross they took, no burning love within,
 Consum'd the dross of pride, and self, and sin;
 Like him of old they thanked God in prayer,
 That they indeed, were not as others were;
 And look'd with scornful pomp and pity down,
 On heads ungarnish'd, for a heav'nly crown.

So liv'd the rich, the learned, and the proud,
 Commingling never with the vulgar crowd;
 While they, the common herd, from day to day,
 Went on the noisy "tenor of their way,"
 And liv'd, and wrought midst scenes of sensual mirth,
 Contented truly to be sons of earth;
 Nor sons of earth alone, but sons of night,
 Who chose the darkness rather than the light;
 Who hated wisdom's ways, and lov'd to dwell,
 In the broad way conducting down to hell:
 Who liv'd for earth, nor to God's word gave heed,
 A vile, lascivious, unenlighten'd seed;
 And spoke the language of the carnal heart,
 And to Jehovah said from us, "Depart;
 We covet not the knowledge of thy ways,
 For who gains profit, though to thee he prays."

Thus was it with the mass of people then,
 A population vast, of wretched men;
 A tribe corrupted—"wallowing in sin;"
 All black without, while darkness reign'd within:*

* Such was the coarseness of the public taste, that some of the most polished writings of the times, contain

And as in early days, when Heav'n look'd down
 On Israel's race, and Judah's ancient town,
 And saw them all of understanding void,
 Harden'd in crime, and fit to be destroy'd:
 So might a CENTURY past, in Britain's isle,
 Be seen the proud, the thoughtless, and the vile;
 And, but that Mercy held his lifted hand,
 His judgments had sent terror through the land;
 But he forbore, and "slow to anger" still,
 Spar'd even those who trampled on his will:
 He stir'd not all his wrath, but turn'd away
 His anger, from the rebels of that day;
 Remember'd still, the isle that should proclaim
 In days to come, the glories of his name;
 And be as Zion was, a chosen spot,
 By him protected—ne'er by him forgot.

Nor yet, (if History's pencil paints it true),
 Were these the features worst, display'd to view:
 The people sinn'd 'tis true, but sad to say,
 The priests were oft companions of their way;
 They spoke so smoothly, if they spoke at all,
 And with untemper'd mortar daub'd the wall;
 They "prophecy'd deceits," their dreams would tell,
 And oh alas! the many lov'd it well;

passages which no respectable person could now read aloud in mixed company. Pope and Prior knew the character of their readers when they thus offended against the decentcies of life. But the fact is, that men of rank and fashion laughed at religion, and the common people wallowed in sin."—see Jackson's Centenary.

The watchmen on the wall no warning gave,
 Nor did they speak of Him who came to save;
 The fleece, and not the flock, was all their care,
 They with the world of fashion took their share;
 Their trumpet gave a weak uncertain sound,
 Their utmost doings—an unnoticed round
 Of duties labor'd; while the hearers fed
 On paltry husks, and not the "living bread;"
 The hungry few, were left alone to weep,
 And careless ones, more soundly rock'd asleep;
 Religion was but fashionable ease,
 And few endeavor'd, e'en their God to please;
 The Shepherds, with the Sheep, were gone astray,
 And vice, and negligence, bore awful sway;
 The broken were not bound—the sick not heal'd,—
 In cloudy day, the wand'ers left the field;
 And God's own house deserted and alone,
 Had few to worship,—save the wood and stone;
 The living stones, were 'minish'd and brought low,
 And priests, "and people lov'd to have it so."*



* For the corroboration of the foregoing statements—
 see the first Chapter of the admirable work of the Rev.
 Thomas Jackson entitled the "Centenary of Wesleyan
 Methodism."

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK III.

Rest at home sweet to the sailor—The blessing of a Sabbath—Desecration of the holy day—Jeremiah a Patriot—Forbearance of God—The Wesleys—Their parentage—Education—Deliverance of John—Doings at Oxford—Origin of the title Methodist—Notice of the Members and Father of the holy club.

As when the mariner by tempest toss'd,
On raging billows, in the darkness cross'd;
Longs for his homely scene of love and peace,
Where fears prevail not, and where labors cease;
When all around does on him cheerly smile,
And present bliss, rewards for past turmoil;
He feels a rest, which seems to bless him more,
Than all the rest obtain'd from shore to shore:
And, 'midst the comfort here so oft bestow'd,
His heart with love and gratitude has glow'd,

And with this peace and joy again inspir'd,
 Has felt new strength,—and all his bosom fir'd;
 To toil again, for those in daily care,
 With whom it was his happiness to share;
 The sweet reward of all his anxious pains,
 Dividing gladly all his earthly gains.

So man, a sailor on earth's stormy sea,
 Too apt with earthly wares to founder,—he,
 Needs rest from worldly scenes, and noise, and strife,
 If hold he'd lay upon eternal life;
 And heav'n, to expedite the saving plan,
 Has given *ONE* day of peace in seven to man;
 And with a sanction high, and holy zest,
 Proclaims, *one* day in seven, must be the *best*.

Hail Sabbath! sweetest day of all the year,
 Blest are thy scenes of peace, and love, and fear;
 Oh who that knows thy value, would destroy,
 Thy hallow'd sweets, and thy unearthly joy;
 Let God be thanked for a Sabbath day,
 When men should leave their cares, to think and pray;
 And may *MY COUNTRY*, ever take the lead,
 In keeping holy day, with holy deed;
 O, let her days of worship, be the best,
 Then God shall make her shine above the rest;
 And in her increase, truly may she prove,
 The faithful promise of the God of love;
 Who calls his saints to feel his day delight,
 And sanctify his sabbaths in his sight;

While he to nations who by him abide,
Shall give in "places high, of earth to ride."*

But "England's faults," may cause the Patriot's tear,
For she of Sabbath-breaking had her share;
And has it still,† but oh in by-gone times,
The sacred Sabbath was the day of crimes.
The churches left,—the recreating throng,
In gay and giddy mazes danc'd along;
The holy day, unhallow'd and unblest,
Was any thing,—but not the day of rest;
A day of gaming, pleasure, strife, and noise,
Of scenes polluted, low, and sensual joys,
Of visiting, and loit'ring, for the high,
Who gladly let the tedious time go by;
While all with one consent, at once agreed,
To keep the Sabbath was not in their creed.

Oh! had the Patriot Prophet liv'd again,
To weep o'er Zion, and the ways of men;

* See Isaiah lviii. 13-14.

† The author on his return to London could not help contrasting with a feeling of the deepest regret the busy bustling crowds in Southwark engaged in the open desecration of the Sabbath morn, with the *general* quiet of the West Indies, especially the Island of Barbadoes where (at least in Bridgetown) the streets present on the sacred day only a church or chapel going population. Oh let the favored Sons and Daughters of Great Britain be resolved not to be out-done in Sabbath-keeping by the less instructed population of their Colonies.

To see the multitude forsake her courts,
 And make the holy day a day of sports;*
 Yes JEREMY thy spirit-melting plaint,
 Had told the inward yearning of the saint;
 And all the soul of thy devout lament,
 O'er Britain's sons and daughters had been spent;
 For they like Judah's children in thy day,
 Had "sinned grievously" and gone astray,
 And "Zion's ways did mourn"—for 'twas the hour,
 Of helpless friends, and adversaries power;
 Yet now a few in secret heav'd the sigh,
 And rais'd to heav'n the interceding cry;
 And said to God like thee, in humble pray'r,
 "Oh spare the daughter of my people,—spare!"†
 And as the pray'r of faith is ne'er in vain,
 (See Abraham plead for cities of the plain,
 And "let ten righteous in them but be found,
 And then I'll spare the rebels all around.")‡

So dealt the Sovereign Lord, with Albion's race,
 And midst't their follies magnifi'd his grace;
 And gave just then a sanctifying seed,
 To bless their country in this time of need,

* The history of London, at the time referred to furnishes a fearful picture of the profanation of the holy day. The lovers of pleasure resorted not only to the Gaming House or Tea-garden, but also to the Cock-pit—the Bear-garden, and other such places of brutal and degrading sport.

† See the Prophet's pathetic effusion—Lamentations ii. 15-19.

‡ See Genesis xviii. 32.

A small but heav'n-born, wise, and noble band,
To spread the light of truth throughout the land.

But to my theme,—for now it must be told,
The WESLEYS came as shepherds to the fold;
And well prepar'd,—we mark their rising way,
As op'ning dawn precedes meridian day;
We watch the streaks of orient light appear,
Precursive tokens of their radiant sphere:
And backward as we trace their worthy line,
To note the sons of EPWORTH's good divine,
The scripture word be on each heart impress'd,
The "seed of righteous ones shall still be blest."

In ancient days, (so Bible History reads,)
When God's own people griev'd him by their deeds,
The Canaanites pervaded all the land;
The "Lord had sold the tribes into their hand;"
But even then a DEBORAH arose,*
To urge a BARAK, to defeat their foes;
And history of the church doth often tell,
Of MOTHERS, in God's Israel doing well,
Of RUTH, of HANNAH, and of LOUIS too,
With "helpers" in the gospel, not a few,
Fond HANNAH, sought a SAMUEL in prayer,†
And him devoted with a heart sincere;
She "lent him to the Lord," and the young child,
Became the people's seer, and prophet mild.

* See Judges iv. 4-9.

† See I Samuel i. 19-28.

So 'twas with them of whom the Poet sings,
 A MOTHER, train'd them from their leading strings,*
 A FATHER's wisdom cull'd with all its might,
 Truths, which they studied with untir'd delight,
 And all the pow'r of fond maternal care,
 With strength of mind, and piety, and pray'r,
 Were join'd to sanctify the little tribe,
 And keep the seeds of knowledge still alive;
 While JOHN, his father's learning kept in mind,
 And, with the mother's graces well combin'd;†
 He rose in wisdom, and in favor well,
 And midst compeers, seem'd formed to excel.

But chosen vessels oft-times are annoy'd,
 Though heav'n allows them not to be destroy'd;
 The champion Paul, of perils had his share,
 Though of him perish'd not a single hair;
 A Herod, "seeks the life of the young child,"
 In savage persecution, madly wild,
 Let Rachel mourn and weep for children dead,
 But Jesus safe to Egypt shall be led.
 So too in early days when Egypt's throne,
 Sought to destroy, or keep the Hebrews down;
 Commandment strange, did cruel Pharoah give,
 "Suffer ye not their children male to live,"

* See Memoirs of the Wesley family by Dr. Clarke especially the excellent letter of Mrs. Susanna Wesley—Vol. 2 page 9—and the Doctor's notice of her—page 113.

† See Watson's Life of Wesley—page 3.

And he who was of God, ordain'd to be,
 The leader of their tribes, and set them free;
 Had met in early life a wat'ry grave,
 But Pharoah's daughter, drew him from the wave.

So with the leader of the WESLEY band,
 Himself proclaims, "I am a rescu'd brand,"*
 The conflagration may the house destroy,
 But touch, nor harm the consecrated boy;
 A second Moses,—he must not expire,
 One pluck'd from water, one from out the fire.

Thanks to our God, the grateful father gave,
 Whose interposing arm, made bare to save;
 Deliver'd him who in succeeding days,
 Should lead the straying sheep in Sion's ways:
 With a full heart of thankfulness and joy;
 The parent grasp'd the unconsumed boy,
 "I'm rich enough," said he, "the house may go,"†
 Give me my child, and I can bear the woe;
 Yet knew he not, the value of his charge,
 How rich the jewel, and his soul how large;
 But the Great Sovereign for his purpose high,
 Gave forth his fiat from the radiant sky;
 "Destroy him not, a blessing he contains"
 And angel-guards his precious life sustains.

* See Watson's Life of Wesley, note page 4.

† For an interesting account of these circumstances
 the reader is referred to the 2nd Chapter of Jackson's
 Centenary,

But now to OXFORD are the scions sent,
 On piety and learning, much intent;
 And while their studious courses they persue,
 Their classic taste, and skill, the more we view;
 Determin'd still t'improve their precious store,
 They search'd the heart, and read the Bible more;
 Faithful were they, and God true riches gave,
 Inspir'd their souls with love, to seek and save;
 And while they met for study, and for prayer,
 The poor and wretched had their weekly care;
 While e'en the prison'rs might indeed rejoice,
 To hear their warning, kind, instructing voice;
 They taught the ignorant where'er they could,
 And "went about," like Jesus "doing good."

But as the Saviour's zeal provok'd the rage,
 Of scornful scribe, and pharisaic sage;
 So, with this self-denying, little tribe,
 Whom ease, or sordid pleasure ne'er could bribe;
 They counted gain, the world's reproach or loss,
 Endur'd the toil, and gladly took the cross;
 Yet gain'd they, what their Master gain'd before,
 And what with patient love they meekly bore;
 The taunt of sinners, the opprobrious name,
 The scandal of the cross, and all the shame;
 And here, as 'twas in Antioch of old,
 An "harmless" title, of their doings told;
 The "sect" was small, well disciplin'd, and plain,
 And proud ones look'd upon them with disdain;

But from their method, they would not desist,
And thus they gain'd the title, METHODIST.*

Well chosen name! a CENTURY it has stood,
And methodistic zeal has stem'd the flood,
Of sin, and folly, in a thousand forms;
And liv'd and flourish'd midst surrounding storms.
Long may it live, and ever may it stand,
To bless, renew, and sanctify the land.

Within the nucleus, mark what names we trace,
Adorn'd with learning, piety, and grace;
A WHITFIELD, with a soul and tongue of fire,†
An HERVEY, soft and sweet as music's lyre;‡
This—flow'ry, happy, gliding still along,
That—like a champion bold, and firm, and strong;

* He (Wesley) went to the weekly sacrament, persuading two or three students to accompany him; he observed the method of study prescribed by the statutes of the University. "This," says he, "gained me the harmless name of Methodist."—See Watson's Life.

† For the character of this eminent man as drawn by Mr. Wesley—See Wesley's Works Vol. 6 page 175.

‡ The writings of Hervey have been widely circulated. He differed from Mr. Wesley in his determined advocacy of the scheme of absolute predestination. Mr. Charles Wesley declined to write his epitaph, but in the lines composed on his death has manifested his Christian Charity, while with worthy felicity he portrays the real character of his excellent friend.

Yet both engaging in a Saviour's toil,
 His work their labour,—their reward his smile;
 Nor these alone, but others with them strove,
 To vie in knowledge, sanctity, and love;
 To help each other on, in holy lore,
 And add their quota to the general store;
 While JOHN more excellent, they one and all,
 The "FATHER OF THE CLUB" unite to call.*

* "I hear my son John has the honor of being styled the Father of the Holy Club; if it be so, I am sure I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say, that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of HIS HOLINESS."
 —See Whitehead's Life.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK IV.

- *The miser a selfish being—The first Preachers lived and labored for others—Their success—Their persecutions—Bigotry of the Clergy—Some generous exceptions—Humility of a Bishop—Brief notice of, and address to Fletcher.*
-

THE sordid miser poring o'er his pelf,
Makes it a god—then worships it himself;
And the abundance of his precious store,
But leads his craving soul to pant for more;
To hoard his wealth, he every effort tries,
And all indulgences at once denies;
No sympathetic feelings fill his breast,
Nor cares he, for the wretched or distress'd:
His selfish soul untouch'd—encas'd in steel,
For human guilt, or sorrow, does not feel.
He lives not for his God, or brother man,
But seems a blot on heav'n's all social plan:
A worthless piece of living lumber, here
Unblest he lives;—and dies without a tear.

Not so our heroes, in their early day,
They learn'd to work, and watch, and preach, and pray;

To spend and to be spent, both day and night,
 In labors more abundant to delight :*
 The Kingswood Colliers did before them fall,
 And Bristol sinners, hearken'd to their call;
 The gay of Bath, had "lofty looks brought down,"†
 And to and fro they went from town to town;
 To list'ning crowds in London, did they tell‡
 Of Him, who came to save from sin and hell.
 They spoke his word of truth in faith and love,
 And pow'r descended on them from above.
 So swiftly did they move from place to place,
 So mightily, prevail'd the word of grace;
 So bright the weapons of their holy war,
 The "men were wonder'd at," both wide and far,
 While God's own spirit pointed still the dart,
 And sent the strong conviction to the heart;
 Till thousands felt contrition deep and true,
 And cry'd like those of old "what shall we do?"

* "The Wesley's were already talked of for some religious practices. Mr. John Wesley was the chief manager, for which he was very fit, for he had not only more learning and experience than the rest, but he was blest with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none."—vide Gambold's Letter.

† A curious circumstance occurred between the celebrated Beau Nash and Mr. Wesley, it is related in Watson's Life page 82.

‡ "On his return to London he preached on Blackheath to about twelve or fourteen thousand people and afterwards for many years addressed even larger multitudes in Moorfield's, at Kennington Common, and other parts."
 —See Jackson's Centenary

Wounded in soul, the balm was soon apply'd,
 And, trusting in His blood who for them died,
 They gave themselves in unity sincere
 To God, and to his church, in faith and pray'r;
 Great grace was on them, and the little band
 Increas'd and multiply'd through-out the land.

But now the sons of hell, began to shout,
 And persecution mark'd the WESLEYS' rout;
 From scene to scene, the mob pursu'd them still,
 And for their good,—return'd them only ill.
 Hell from beneath its hottest fury pour'd,
 And "lions' mouths" against them loudly roar'd:
 From side to side the missiles thickly flew,
 And fierce and vile the rabble's madness grew:
 Satan's whole army did them now assail,
 Their foes were many, yet their friends prevail.
 Now were they call'd indeed, the cross to bear,
 And in the sufferings of their Lord to share,
 Insulted, as their Saviour in his day,
 The furious fellows cry'd "away, away!"*

* It is impossible to give an adequate description of all the persecutions which the Wesleys and the early preachers of Methodism endured. Many interesting particulars are recorded by Mr. Wesley in his journals and in the volumes already referred to. One quotation out of many that might be given must here suffice. "The enemy pursued me from afar and followed shouting: Blessed be God, I received no hurt, only from the eggs and dirt, my Clothes indeed abhorred me, and my arm pained me a little from a blow I received at Sheffield."—Wesley's Journal.

Revil'd them much, pelted with "eggs" and stones,
 And if permitted would have broke their bones;
 Yet on they went, rejoic'd with this applause,
 "Worthy to suffer in their Master's cause."
 Undaunted souls—so meek, so calm, so brave,
 Who went about their foes to seek and save,
 And gladly took the scorn, endur'd the shame,
 So they could mercy to the world proclaim;
 Still in despite of threat'nings loud and strong,
 Their zeal ne'er fail'd, but carried them along;
 While hearts of stone and callous sons of steel,
 Were melted down, and soon began to feel:
 An "open door" before them oft they found,
 The more oppos'd the more they gained ground:
 Pursu'd their holy toil from east to west,
 And proved what WESLEY said was yet "the best."
 Their God was with them, and his holy fire,
 Fill'd them with love that would not let them tire.*

But, not alone from men of vulgar race,
 They bore the scorn, contumely, disgrace,
 The persecuting mob with outward blows,
 Abus'd their persons, and despoil'd their clothes;
 While higher ones who should their helpers been,
 Beheld their doings with indignant spleen.
 The clergy shut their pulpits and their doors,
 But op'd their mouths, and treated them as boors;
 They like the bigots of a former day,
 "Forbade" because they followed not their way:

* See Watson's Life Chapter 6th

And churchmen high, with zealous voices loud,
 Denounc'd them, as "mad dogs"* among the crowd.
 The bishops too, the pulpit, and the press,
 All seem'd combin'd, to add to their distress:†
 The churches clos'd against them—they were driv'n,
 To preach beneath the canopy of heav'n;
 The flocks were waiting, for the "living bread,"
 And gather'd round them, anxious to be fed;
 The few that minister'd, were not enough,
 Hard was the toil—their pittance poor, and rough:
 The leaders, push'd and press'd on ev'ry side,
 Had Providence, and scripture, for their guide.
 God gave the word, and suited men were found,
 To sow the seed, and plough the fallow ground;
 Like Christ's forerunner, onward still they went,
 And in the fields, and cities, cry'd "repent:"
 As flames of fire, they spoke the living word,
 And multitudes were turn'd unto the Lord.

* Mr. Wesley observes "now several of the *bishops* began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public. On this encouragement several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as out-laws or mad Dogs." Wesley's letter. See Journal March 1745.

† In the life of Mr. Hopper it is also stated, "laymen, and ecclesiastics joined heart and hand to suppress these pestilent fellows, not with acts of kindness, scripture, or reason, but invectives and lies; dirt, rotten eggs, Brick-bats, stones, and cudgels, these where Satan's arguments in vindication of his own cause."

Some "angry neighbours" in a furious way,
 (Because, both night and morning, they would pray,)
 Had them before the justice of the peace,
 And sought through him to make their doings cease;
 "What have they done," said he, an old man cry'd,
 'My wife's *convarted*, and her tongue is tied;'
 "Carry them back," his Worship promptly said,
 "Carry them back," nor of them be afraid; *
 I'm sure 'twill do us very little hurt,
 If in the town they all the scolds convert.

Woe to the world, because of much offence,
 Some vainly proud, and fond of high pretence;
 Some cringing low, and yet indulging spleen,
 Because their betters, not themselves are seen.

* "I rode over to a neighbouring town to wait upon a justice of the peace, a man of candour and understanding, before whom I was informed their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these heretics; but when he asked "What they had done?" there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductor had forgot. At length, one said "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides they pray from morning to night," Mr. S.... asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes Sir," said an old man "An't please your worship they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a Lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the Justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."—Wesley's Journal.

How fond of censure, self—conceited man,
 How prone to act upon the selfish plan;
 How destitute of charity divine,
 That warms the heart to see another shine;
 And like a Paul, with cheerful soul and voice,
 If Christ be preached,—does and will rejoice.*

Some such there were, to cheer our WESLEYS' zeal,
 Who felt, as brother ministers should feel;
 Who watch'd the progress of their mighty deed,
 And from a heart of love, still cry'd, "God speed;"
 As fellow-helpers of their faith and pray'r,
 Assisted oft-times in their pious care.
 A DODDRIDGE, with his letters, true and kind,
 Breathing the ardours, of a gen'rous mind.
 An ERSKINE,† who, though taught in Calvin's school,
 Could throw aside the bigot's narrow rule;
 And heartily rejoice in the success
 Of those, who publish'd truth, and righteousness.

* See Philippians 1-18.

† Mr. Wesley had at this time a correspondence with the Rev. James Erskine, from whom he learned that several pious ministers, and others, in Scotland, duly appreciated his character, and rejoiced in the success of his labours, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments. Mr. Erskine's letter indeed contains a paragraph which breathes a liberality not very common in those days, and which may be useful in the present, after all our boastings of enlarged charity.—Wesley's Journal.

A PERRONET,* whose open house, and heart,
 Could shelter give, or counsel oft impart.
 And others too, who faithful to their Lord,
 Encourag'd WESLEY to proclaim the word;
 Who scann'd the labors of this angel-man,
 In emulation of his holy plan;
 With eye unenvious, saw him still excel,
 Magnanimously mark'd his doing well;
 Press'd now the palm, on him who oft before,
 Had wander'd up and down, from door to door;
 Had made "his bags, the pillow" where he lay,
 And from "the hedges" sought his food by day;†
 Yet now, his constant zeal, and patient love,
 Conjoin'd with purity, like those above,
 Commanded for him the admiring gaze,
 Of those who gap'd with wonder at his ways.‡

* "On his (Mr. Wesley's) return to London, through the introduction of Mr. R. Perronet, a pious young man, he visited the Rev Vincent Perronet, the venerable Vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, a very holy and excellent Clergyman, of whose wise and considerate counsels the Wesleys afterwards frequently availed themselves in all matters which involved particular difficulty."—Watson's life of Wesley.

† For these particulars see Jackson's Centenary—page 200.

‡ "High and low now, lined the streets from one end of the town to the other, out of stark love and kindness, gaping, and staring as if the king were going by."—Vide Wesley's Journal.

The children stood to catch "the good man's smile,"
 Nor common minds alone observ'd his toil;
 Th' accomplish'd prelate, in his country's lawn,
 Of manners pure, and not dispos'd to fawn;
 Preferr'd a lower spot, and though "your Grace,"
 Ceded in humbleness, the higher place,
 And sought in yonder world to have a seat,
 Among the worshippers at WESLEY's feet.*

Such were the feelings of the favor'd tribe,
 Who lov'd him much, nor did they misascribe
 The glory of their Lord,—but kindly spake
 Unto the servant, for the master's sake.
 While FLETCHER, meekly wise, and calmly strong,
 Bore heav'nly truth, triumphantly along;
 And with his "scripture scales," essay'd to weigh,
 The mighty errors, of the passing day:
 In bible lore, perspicuously clear,
 Charmingly keen, and blessedly sincere;
 A beauteous flame of heav'n's salubrious light,
 Lucid, and sweet, and most divinely bright.†

* At the house of his faithful friend, Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, of Lewisham, he once met Dr. Lowth, the accomplished Bishop of London, whose brother a clergyman in the west of England, had married into Mr. Blackwell's family. The Bishop refused to sit above Mr. Wesley at table, and feelingly said, "Mr. Wesley, may I be found at your feet in another world!"—Jackson's Centenary.

+ "I was intimately acquainted with him, for above twenty years, I conversed with him morning, noon, and

O FLETCHER! sainted spirit, long thy name,
 Shall stand connected with thy Saviour's fame;
 E'en children yet unborn, thy works shall see,
 And sav'd by truth, shall find their way to thee;
 While all, with cordial zeal the glory give,
 To Him, who died, that guilty man might live.



night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles, and in all that time I never heard him speak one improper word, nor saw him do an improper action. Many exemplary men have I known holy in heart and life, within fourscore years, but one equal to him I have not known,—one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found either in Europe, or America; and I scarce expect to find another such on this side of eternity.”—Wesley's Works Vol. 7, page 444, 445, 448.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK V.

Small beginnings produce mighty results.
—*The River.*—*The Wesleys, a rill at Oxford.*
—*Prophetic language of the Saviour.*—*Wesley and the mustard seed.*—*Extention of the work.*
—*Increase of Preachers.*—*Origin of the West India Missions.*—*Apostrophe to Coke.*—*Recollection of former scenes of labor.*—*Providential tokens.*—*A mother's advice.*—*Lay Preachers employed.*—*Short notice of some.*—*Tribute to Nelson, Mitchell, and a namesake.*—*Address to the Coadjutors.*

THE purling stream, that springs in mountain shade,
Meanders down the track, itself has made;
While friendly rills, contribute to its store,
And thus increas'd, it circulates the more;
Oft wand'ring through, the unfrequented glen,
Immur'd in distance, from the gaze of men;

Its rolling waters irrigate the land,
 And "fruitful boughs,"* adorn its length'ning strand;
 Until its opening channel, deep and wide,
 Display'd majestic now, from side to side,
 Presents a scene, where commerce join'd with health,
 Adds to her stock of learning, and of wealth;
 While busy thousands, waiting to be fed,
 Surround the stream, that gives them daily bread;
 And College halls with teeming cities join,
 To hail the river bless'd, and worship at its shrine.

So 'twas with WESLEY in his centrick way,
 "Small he begun," and few there were to pray;
 Yet onward as he mov'd, he bless'd the soil,
 And plants of heav'nly root, repaid his toil.
 His holy zeal, still wid'ning as it went,
 Successfully proclaim'd, repent, repent:
 And the small rill, that first in Oxford rose,
 Now fill'd the land, and bless'd its friends and foes;
 And urg'd its gen'rous course, from isle to isle,
 Making the wilderness to bloom and smile;
 Nor shall it rest, but onward nobly roll,
 Till light and glory spread, from pole to pole.

The enemies of truth in former days,
 Look'd on astounded, at the Saviour's ways;
 And said, (enrag'd to see their measures fail,)
 "Perceive ye not, ye nothing can prevail,†

* See Jackson's Centenary—Title-page Motto.

† See John xii. 9.

The world is charm'd, and after him it goes,—
In vain with madness, do ye him oppose.”

Ah Saviour! gracious Master,—wise and good,
True, was thy word to yonder multitude:
“The dying grain, interr’d beneath the ground,
Shall vegetate in germs of life around;
And I, when lifted up,* the world shall see,
Will draw their alien hearts, by love to me:
In myriad souls, my glory I’ll display,
And turn their midnight, to meridian day.”

So said the Master,—and the servants voice,
Echo’d in strains, which made his heart rejoice;
Around he gaz’d, and wond’ring, stood to see,
With a “full heart”† his vast prosperity.
The “mustard seed, in fifty years”‡ had ris’n,
Spreading its branch, to catch the dew of heav’n;

* See John xii. 24-32.

† The beautiful verses found in the collection of hymns Page 224 express the predominant feeling, which occupied his mind towards the closing period of his life. It was indeed with a “full heart” of adoring gratitude, that he contemplated the wonderful success which had attended his labors.

‡ “I was now considering how strangely the grain of mustard seed, planted about fifty years ago has grown up, It has spread through all Great Britain and Ireland, the Isle of Wight, and to the Isle of Man; then to America, from the Leeward Islands, through the whole Continent,

And strangely drawn, the tribes of earth repair,
 To lodge beside it, and its shade to share;
 While here refresh'd, they pour the song of songs,
 "Salvation, to the bleeding Lamb belongs."

Yet now the work, increases on their hands,
 And wins its glorious way, to distant lands;
 From Europe, to America proceeds,
 And bless'd of God, amazingly succeeds:
 Hundreds, yea thousands, hearken to the sound,
 Of gospel truth, and mercy to be found,
 By those who feel their need, and for it call
 On Him,—“whose tender mercy over all
 His works,”—betokens thus to erring man,
 The nature of his vast redeeming plan;
 And warns, and woos, the alienated race,
 To taste his mercy, and receive his grace.

The preaching band, at home is multiply'd,
 And far extending, spreads from side to side;
 The heav'nly dew, continues to revive,
 And now they number, thousands thirty-five.
 The burden and the care, the leader took,
 Though grey in age, he not the work forsook;

into Canada and Newfoundland. And the Societies in all their parts walk by one rule, knowing that religion is holy tempers; and striving to worship God, not in form only, but in spirit and truth”—See Wesley's Works Vol 4, page 298.

For "four-score years" his "eye not waxed dim,"—
 God rais'd him up, and God sustained him;
 Until he saw a progeny divine,
 And flames of living truth, around him shine;
 With fellow-helpers in the gospel field,
 "Who caught the sword, he could no longer wield ;"*
 And with a burning,—an undying flame,
 Pursu'd the victory, in their Captain's name.

Yet e'er the "vet'ran warrior" must retire,
 Some of the "brethren" caught the mission fire ;
 And "seventy pounds"† with "five who willing were,"‡
 Are the kind tokens of their pious care.

But now, to aid the work in foreign lands,
 A COKE, confides himself to Wesley's hands;
 And with his three-fold tribe, they jointly brave,
 The dashing storm, or fierce Atlantic wave.

* See "the Christian Poets" exquisite description
 of Wesley's preaching talents —Cowper's poem on
 "Conversation."

† "The goodly sum of seventy pounds which was applied in the manner here specified. It is worthy of remark, that in the old Chapel at Leeds, the first Methodist Missionaries received their appointment, and the first Missionary collection was made ; and that, after a lapse of more than sixty years, the first Methodist Missionary meeting was held under the same roof."—Jackson's Centenary.

‡ "Five were willing"—The two appointed were Francis Asbury, and Richard Wright. Minutes of Conference, 8vo Edition page 99.

For Nova-Scotia, now they wend their way,
 And midst the blast, their Master is their stay,
 He, claims the pilotage, and by his hand,
 The vessel bears them to the distant land;
 Yet not the land they sought; but 'twas the place,
 Where Heav'n design'd to magnify its grace;*
 Their advent, with their Saviour's advent stood,†
 And in his name, they were for doing good;
 The door of utterance, was to them giv'n,
 And now, they pointed, erring slaves to heav'n;
 The poor benighted negroes, caught the sound,
 And though in bonds, true liberty they found;
 Rejoic'd in Jesus, to be "free indeed,"
 His "grace sufficient, in each time of need."

Thus grew the work, in Western India's isles,
 Where rich success, rewards the lab'ers toils;
 And WESLEY liv'd, within his day to see,
 The mission band progressing o'er the sea,
 Still adding numbers to their rising race,
 And publishing the word, from place to place;
 Until they reckon twenty, wanting one,‡
 To bless the scene, and urge their labors on.

* For an account of the singular and providential direction of Dr. Coke and his companions to the West India Islands.—see Jackson's Centenary page 157-161.

† They landed on Christmas day.

‡ Nineteen Missionaries were employed by the Conference in the West Indies, Nova-Scotia, and Newfoundland, *before* the death of Mr. Wesley.

Dear COKE! blest champion in the mission-car,
 Honor'd at home—remember'd still afar,—
 Permit, an humble follower in thy train,
 To pour the grateful—not the flatt'ring strain:
 The scenes romantic, of thy by-gone day,
 Have warm'd this breast, and prompted oft a lay;—
 To stand where thou hast stood—kneel where thou'st
 And catch a spark of fire, thy bosom felt; [knelt,
 To see thy work, and hear thy children rise,
 To bless thy name, and follow to the skies;
 To note the issues of thy burning zeal,
 And try like thee to live,—like thee to feel;—
 Has been my favor'd lot,*—then be thy name
 Enwrap'd with laurels, and undying fame;
 While thy increas'd posterity shall stand,
 And “Ethiopia, stretching out her hand”
 The loud hosanna shall for ever raise,
 Striking the golden harp, in songs of praise.

And ye green isles!—the scene of earlier years,
 Yes, ye have seen my turmoils, and my tears;
 In weakness oft, and oft in gladness too,
 I try'd the mission labor to pursue;

* The author has a pleasing recollection of the
 Sermons delivered by the excellent Doctor on the subject
 of Missions from his favorite text. He would also remark
 that his first night's repose after a voyage over the deep
 blue sea, was in the house connected with the Parade
 Chapel Kingston, Jamaica, erected (as he has understood)
 under the direction of Dr. Coke.

And midst your hills and dales, by day, by night,
 Have told of Him, who gives the heav'nly light;
 And heard your little ones, in Sion sing,
 Their song of praise, to Salem's peaceful king;
 But now an invalid return'd to home,*
 No more among your charming isles I roam;
 Yet fond remembrance prompts the rising pray'r—
 God of the mission-field, with heart sincere,
 I now invoke thy blessing, rich and free,
 On these fair islands of the Western sea:
 Thy favor shed on pastors, and on flock,
 Be thou their refuge—their almighty rock;
 And from these gems of ocean, in that day,
 Thy jewels gather, in a bright array;
 Let thousands upon thousands yearly rise,
 To bless thy church—and people Paradise.

But mark we now, in order still to learn,
 God's providential tokens to discern;
 His servants, some-times slow to do his will,
 He pushes on, his purpose to fulfil;
 And now, compell'd, to take the preaching field,
 E'en CHARLES unto the Bishop, cannot yield;

* The writer in his wanderings as a Missionary, has visited between twenty and thirty of these romantic Islands—the remembrance of them is still dear to him; and much as he loves “happy home” and regards Christian privileges—yet nothing but the absolute need of “a bracing” would have moved him from those interesting scenes of labor.

But urg'd by WHITFIELD, forward fights his way,
 And forth, he goes abroad to preach and pray;
 The "broken bridge"* forbids him a retreat,
 Nor dares he more, his "scruples" to repeat;
 His mouth is fill'd, and through the breadth and length
 Of all the land,—he proves—"The Lord his strength"
 While list'ning multitudes, upon him tend,
 And hymns of praise, unto his God ascend.

Their field was now the world—the work to do,
 Was great indeed—the lab'ers were but few.
 The WESLEYS train'd within th' establish'd pale,
 Unwilling were, to break the cleric rail;
 To have assistance from the unordain'd,
 Was nonconformity, to be restrain'd;
 Nor could the zeal, the talent, or the pray'r,
 Of pious laic's, though of heart sincere;
 Induce these sons of steeple, to divide
 With brethren lay, the pastorate, and guide,
 Of those, who gather'd from the erring sheep,
 Besought their care—their new-born souls to keep.

But here again, perceptions wise, and strong,
 That oft unto the woman-kind belong;

* For an account of the interview which Mr. Charles Wesley had with the Arch-bishop of Canterbury respecting field-preaching, with the shrewd advice of Mr. Whitfield on the occasion—see Watson's life of Wesley page 76.

Now check their discontent, and seem to say,
 "Suspect me not—there is a cause to day,
 He, is of God most surely call'd to preach,
 For he himself, has made him apt to teach."*

Thus to the Sons, a MOTHER, council gave,
 And He who came the lost to seek and save,
 Now led his servants in their working plan,
 To take the "weak, despis'd," unlettered man.
 From "lower orders" soon unto them came,
 "Sons in the Gospel" worthy of their name:
 And though of plebeian birth, and oft-times poor,
 Of manly sense, they had a noble store;
 And "having nothing" yet "possessing all;"
 With trumpet voice prepar'd the world to call;
 Mighty in word, and deed—yet tender, kind,
 Of manners simple—sentiments refin'd;
 They said, as vet'ran Peter* said of old,
 "Small silver have I, and still less of gold,
 Yet such as now I have, I freely give,
 Gladly I spend, if precious souls may live;"
 Such there were some, and to our Leader's aid,
 In carrying on his great and good croisade,
 A MAXFIELD, RICHARDS, WESTELL,† ready were,
 To serve the church, beneath their father's care;

* See Moore's Life of Wesley, Vol I, page 507.

† See Acts iii, 6.

‡ For a sketch of the character of these worthy men as drawn by a master-hand—see Watson's life of Wesley, close of chapter 5th. also Jackson's Centenary, pages 90 to 97.

And, heralds of their Saviour's truth, and grace,
 They publish'd now, his word in every place,
 As stars of burning flame, in Jesu's hand,
 They blaz'd with light, in our benighted land.

Among these "giants" of our by-gone years,
 We note a NELSON's* name, above compeers ;
 Distinguish'd soul, of pungent, ready wit,
 A polish'd shaft—for Master's service fit ;
 Firm as a rock, another Cephas he,
 Gifted of God, with sweet simplicity ;
 Yet strong to bear, and patient to sustain,
 "The consecrated cross"—the grief and pain.
 Mean was his origin—his daily toil,
 Among the stones, to labour for awhile :
 But he who call'd the Fishermen of yore,
 To fish for sinners, on Judea's shore ;
 Now call'd the mason, by his sovereign will,
 To quarry out new stones, with heav'nly skill ;
 And with his scripture plummet, and his line,
 To build the temple, form'd by love divine ;
 To gather living-stones, from deeps of earth,
 Exalted from the mine, by gracious birth ;
 And with a master-hand the house to raise,
 From whence arise, unceasing songs of praise.

* The life of John Nelson has been given to the World ; suffice it therefore to say that what our British Nelson was in the "wooden walls of old England" such also was our Methodist Nelson among the wooden, or rather iron hearts of his day.

But for his zeal—his labors to prevent,
 Into the army ranks, behold him sent;
 The "Preacher" bold, shall be a soldier too,
 A hat, and tow'ring feather, meet the view,
 Of crowds who gaz'd, while he endur'd their stare,
 Nor seem'd unwilling, the red coat to wear.
 Hail NELSON! soldier of the cross—to thee,
 Thy Captain's smile, was more than ease or fee;
 Thy life and death, to serve his cause were giv'n,
 And now the victor's crown, is thine in heav'n;
 While sons succeeding, emulate thy fire,
 And fight away, determin'd ne'er to tire!

Nor, will the feeble muse permit to pass,
 A man undaunted, with a soul of brass;
 With fervent "charity,"—courageous mind,
 Could "suffer long," and suffering still "be kind:"
 Who in the work, endur'd much deep distress,
 Was persecuted sore, for righteousness:
 And to the wrangling mob could softly yield,
 Rather than quit the warfare, or the field.
 See him, while feeling—seeming not to feel,
 The pool of water, cannot quench his zeal;
 In vain, "they daub him with their oil and paint,"
 His "flesh may shrink," but not his spirit faint;
 Backward, and forward still, they may him shake,
 But shake his purpose? never,—make him quake?
 Ah no—his well-strung tongue no promise gives,
 "Not careful" if he dies, or if he lives;
 Tho' "seven-times," through the water or the flame,
 He heeds it not, so he can Christ proclaim.

But now, obedient to their Reverend sire,
 They jointly force our MITCHELL to retire;
 Extract him from his bed—break his repose,
 And force him onward—unbedeck'd with clothes;
 A coat for mantle, o'er his shoulders spread,
 And now unto the hill, behold him led;
 Three times they shout, "their God the king to save,
 But to the Devil, the poor preacher gave;"*
 Small reason they to shout, their cause was bad,
 Their master Satan, and their wages sad;
 While he, 'gainst whom they madly rais'd their voice,
 In prayer, and praise, could heartily rejoice:
 And left, both "pennyless, and friendless" here,
 Trusting in God, he sleeps without a tear.

Another soldier, in the ranks we see,
 Who bravely stood—oft gain'd the victory:
 With "armies three," he fights, nor fights in vain,
 His "life is hid," and Christ does him sustain;
 Among his comrades he begins to pray,
 And points them all, unto the narrow way;
 Fill'd with a holy zeal, he gets "the keys,"
 And labours in the church, his God to please;
 Each day at two, for preaching do they meet,
 And gaining strength, their enemies defeat!

But a full trial of his faith appears,
 "Fightings without,"—within he feels no fears,

* See Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers—
 Vol. I page 76.

"The French have not a ball, that will me kill,
 I trust my life, to God's almighty skill;"
 In a few hours, "his horse beneath him falls,"
 And tauntingly, his fellow-soldier calls,
 "HAIME! where is now your God?" he cheerly cry'd,
 "Sir, he will save me, he is by my side!"*
 And so it was, the battle hotter grew,
 But he surviv'd, and prov'd the promise true;
 While he, who scoff'd (a warning this to all)
 Was soon beheaded by a cannon-ball.
 Long liv'd our HAIME, his Saviour's love to spread,
 Then rose in peace, to his triumphant head;

Let not the reader blame the Poet's pen,
 In a brief notice of such wond'rous men;
 That midst those heroes here, who claim a place,
 (A self-denying, brave, intrepid race,)
 There stands a BEARD, who, "nothing terrify'd,"
 "Among the lions" would not turn aside:
 And though their rage, his broken body rends,
 His soul unbroken, to his God ascends;
 "When half his race was run," he 'scap'd away,
 To the bright regions of eternal day!

And NAMESAKE, while thy name I humbly bear,
 O may I catch thy fire,—thy patience share;

* The above circumstance, with many others, are
 pleasingly narrated by himself.—See *Life of Haime*,
 edited by the Rev. Thomas Jackson.

And live to publish my Redeemer's love,
 Until I join thee in that world above :
 And though in distant circles I may stand,—
 While near the throne, and with a radiant band,
 Thou dost for ever shout the martyr's song,
 We'll catch the echo, and the shout prolong.

With names so noble, other names are found,
 To sow the seed, or water all the ground ;
 A WALSH, who wisdom woo'd in early day,
 And bless'd with biblic knowledge, won his way.
 An OLIVERS, who threw aside his awl,
 And follow'd, when the Master deign'd to call ;
 Tutor'd of Heav'n to mend,—no cobbler he,
 Able and good, from affectation free,
 His "hymns of praise" from hearts inspir'd with love,
 To "Abraham's God" ascend "enthron'd above."
 While with the pathos of a feeling heart,*
 When WESLEY died he felt a kindred smart ;
 In suited strains, he mourn'd his friend and guide,
 And now their ashes, slumber side by side.†

* His lines on the pastoral care of Mr. Wesley over the Societies, are beautifully touching and descriptive. The sickness and death of "his father and friend," are also drawn with much poetic taste and deep feeling.

† "Mr. Olivers continued his residence in London, where he exercised his ministry as the infirmities of age permitted, till March 1799, when he died somewhat suddenly, and his remains were deposited in Mr. Wesley's tomb, behind the City-road chapel."—See *Lives of early Preachers*, Vol. 1. page 238,

Peace to your hallow'd shades, ye Wesley seed,
 Who rose to help him in the time of need;
 Illustrious souls, who wrought, and pray'd, and wept,
 Anxious to bless,—your pity never slept.
 Ye were your country's patrons, wise and good,
 Your ill-requitted toil, not understood:
 Yet to your zeal, the Master blessing gave;
 The daughters of your people ye would save:
 And God has sav'd them, thousands, myriads, come,
 To swell the chorus, in your heav'nly home;
 Nor shall their rising numbers know a stay,
 Till Time's long night, is lost in endless day.*



* It is impossible (the writer feels) to do justice to the zeal and piety of these devoted men—the reader is referred for enlarged particulars to Jackson's Centenary, —Moore's life of Wesley,—the energetic and appropriate Sermon by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, at the celebration of the Centenary before the Conference at Liverpool, and to the poem composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley on the death of Thomas Beard.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK VI.

Longevity of the Eagle.—Wesley “full of days.”—Anticipates the time of his departure.—Prepares the Deed of Declaration.—Its importance to the Connexion.—The Oak of the forest a type of our founder.—Demise of Cotemporaries.—Grimshaw.—Whitfield.—Peronet.—Fletcher.—Interesting circumstance at City Road.—Affection of the Brothers.—Death of the Sweet Singer of our Israel.—Value of his Hymns.—Christian Poets dear to the Church.—Worshipping assemblies a type of heaven.—Prayer of the Writer.

THE tow'ring Eagle, with a steady flight,
Springs forth majestic, to the scenes of light;
And fixing on the sun his vivid eye,
Triumphantly ascends, his native sky,*

* “Eagles are said to be extremely sharp-sighted, and when they take flight, spring perpendicularly upwards with their eyes fixed steadily on the Sun.”—Calmet.

With elevation grand, pursues his way,
 And mingles in the radiant blaze of day.
 But, though on golden pinions oft he soars,
 While Sol's effulgence, on him, glory pours,
 His changing plumage, tells his mortal state,
 And fall he must, beneath impending fate;
 Yet, while this fickleness, bewrays the truth,
 His shedding feathers, but renew his youth;
 And long he lives, the monarch of his tribes;
 "King of the birds," he gloriously survives.

Thus soaring WESLEY, vet'ran of the van,
 Rich in his years, beyond the age of man;
 With youthful vigour, often-time endu'd,
 On spreading wings, in zeal and strength renew'd;
 He rose superior, to his human pain,
 And liv'd to preach again, and yet again;*
 Till satisfied with life, and full of days,
 Ready to wear the everlasting bays,
 With "aged Paul," behold him waiting stand,—
 "The time of my departure is at hand,
 The fight is fought, I lay my body down,
 And gladly go, to take the victor's crown."

* Mr. Wesley's notice of himself is very remarkable
 "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot, my
 eyes are dim, my right hand shakes much, my mouth is
 hot and dry every morning, I have a lingering fever
 almost every day, my motion is weak and slow, however
 blessed be God I do not slack my labor, I can preach and
 write still."—Wesley's Works, Vol. 4, page 478.

But mark the patriarch, in his pious care,
 As now unto the goal, he's drawing near;
 With parent eye, he takes a length'ning view,
 Surveys the road, his children should pursue;
 And deeply wise, is anxious to provide,
 The chart and compass, which his sons, may guide.
 Who shall succeed him? who his place may fill?
 With the same spirit,—with an equal skill?
 The body lives,—but, who shall be its head;
 To take the charge, and stand in WESLEY's stead?
 To hold the chapels in a valid sense,
 Or constitute the “legal Conference?”
 These were the questions, mooted in that mind,
 So vastly gifted,—ne'er to danger blind:
 And, e'er he drops his pen, for time of need,
 He draws “the writing,” and he signs “the Deed.”
 Declares, his hundred sons his pow'r should have,
 Provided, they like him, the body save:
 And with a noble, an unselfish zeal,
 Seeks to promote, the Methodistic weal;
 Fixes the cause, upon a standing sure
 To last through Christ, while “sun and moon endure;”
 Disinterestedly, with gen'rous grace,
 Does the last act he can, to bless his race;*

* “That provision, for the stability and the Government of the connexion after his death, which had been to Mr. Wesley a matter of serious concern for several years, was accomplished in 1784, and gave him whenever he subsequently adverted to the subject, the greatest satisfaction. From this time he felt that he had nothing more to do, than to spend his remaining life in the same spiritua

And having serv'd his generation here,
 Lists for his Master's call, to join the heav'nly sphere.

Thus did the Founder,—heaven-directed man,
 By firm behest, confirm the working plan;
 And to the people, gather'd in his fold,
 Preserv'd the sacred right, "to have and hold"
 The consecrated houses, solely rais'd,
 That in them, Jesus, might be always prais'd ;
 While by the changing, ever-shifting mode,
 No favor'd preacher, claimed the best abode ;
 But like the apostles, moving here, and there,
 They spread abroad, and labor'd every where ;
 Having no certain dwelling place below,
 Restless with zeal, and ever on the go ;
 They said in love, while yet they stay'd to teach,
 "To other cities, we must also preach."

Thanks for the DEED, let priests and people give,
 The MAGNA CHARTA, under which we live ;
 The mighty secret, of our growing strength ;
 The bond connexional, which, by its length,

labors in which he had been so long engaged ; and that he had done all that a true prudence required, to provide for the continuance and extension of a work, which had so strangely enlarged under his superintendence."—Watson's Life, page 279. See also Jackson's Centenary—The real views and feelings of Mr. Wesley, may be gathered from his own observations as found in his Works. Vol. page 237.

Embraces in a threefold loving band,
 The "twos" or "thousands," scatter'd through the
 And drawn together, with one heart and soul, land;
 In unity and love, connects the whole.*

The sturdy oak, scarce touch'd by slow decay,
 Sees many a sapling green, soon fade away;
 While lordly trees of forest, round him fall,
 Bravely he stands, and still out-lives them all.
 Thus with our Leader, all his early friends,
 By time conducted to their varied ends;
 He view'd them launch from earth, the shore to gain,
 Where all is endless pleasure, without pain:
 But he in vigour stood, with active mind;
 Saw them depart, while he was left behind.

A GRIMSHAW'S name, must be recorded here,
 For he, in circuit labors, took his share;†

* "The body of the Preachers and people in that eventful age, remained nobly steadfast in their adherence to the true Wesleyan principles, and under God the *deed of declaration* was their sheet-anchor in every storm. It has been of equal advantage in more modern times, and its utility, and benefits, will probably be as lasting as the world, according to the design of the author."—Jackson's Centenary page 227.

† "For some years he superintended the circuit in which his parish was included, and most faithfully and affectionately, co-operated with the Methodist Preachers who were stationed, in that part of Yorkshire.—Jackson's Centenary. See also the Hymns by the Rev. C. Wesley on his death in the appendix of that work.

With lively faith, for twenty years he strove,
 To publish all around, a Saviour's love.
 Thousands were led to seek "the crucify'd:"
 For this he liv'd, and now in peace he died;
 Bowing unvanquish'd, his triumphant head,
 He, to the realms of endless glory fled.

Sweet is true friendship's cordial, here below,
 Sweet to a pilgrim, in this world of woe;
 Yet e'en this cup, a bitter does contain,
 And dearest friends, are from each other slain.
 Stern death, the three-fold cord asunder rives,
 And WHITFIELD drops, altho' his friend survives;
 Howe'er, before he bids his last adieu,
 In hearty "union," with "affection" true;
 He "leaves a token to his honour'd friends,"*
 Then, to the happy home of Saints ascends;
 Where friendship's† purest flame, can ne'er expire,
 Their loves they kindle, at a quenchless fire.

Thus WHITFIELD's soul, susceptible, and free,
 Felt for his WESLEY, in a high degree:
 And though "electing love" was in his creed,
 To differ with his friend, he well agreed:

* See an extract from Mr. Whitfield's Will.—
 Watson's Life of Wesley page 101.

† Mr. Wesley says—"He (Mr. Whitfield) had a heart susceptible of the most generous and the most tender *friendship*. I have frequently thought, that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character.

But in the midst of usefulness he falls,
 The Master, for his faithful servant calls;
 Nor can we think that he will "blush above,"
 To sing for ever, "universal love ;"*
 But GEORGE, with CHARLES, and JOHN, united join,
 To praise the common Lord, in songs divine !

"Death's shafts fly thick,"—so felt the Poet's heart,
 And WESLEY shar'd, the sympathetic smart ;
 For, bless'd with holy, wise, and good compeers,
 He knew their value, in this vale of tears ;
 Their social souls, with confidential zeal,
 In undiminish'd love, combin'd to feel ;
 And dear, and intimate, and true, and kind,
 Striving together, with one heart and mind ;
 In undissembl'd unison, they vie,
 Till the great conq'ror does the knot untie ;

* "For a season these men of God were as a "three-fold cord which is not easily broken," laboring together with a perfect oneness of heart and mind, till Mr. Whitfield began to preach the tenet of absolute predestination, when a separation became unavoidable ; yet on both sides a spirit of sincere respect was cherished ; they loved each other for the sake of their common Lord, and esteemed each other highly for their work sake!!—Jackson's Centenary.

The author cannot forbear noticing also the admirable lines by Mr. C. Wesley, commencing "Come on Whitfield" &c. Happy would it be for the Church, if all who differ about non-essentials, exhibited the same love, and wrote in the same spirit.

Yet while he breaks the bond, each rising soul,
Springs forth rejoicing,—freed from his control.

Thus with another trio, brought to view;
Loos'd from their clay, away they gladly flew.
SHOREHAM, must lose its venerable sire,
And gifted FLETCHER too, must now retire.
Great souls! to whom our Founder, fondly cleav'd,
From whom, he aid, and counsel oft receiv'd.
But now, the two divided from the one,
Left him in age, to toil, and labor on.
The mighty master, of polemic pen;
The aged vicar, four-score years and ten;
Both, in three waning moons, are call'd to rest,
And shouting fly, to their Redeemer's breast.*

Hail happy souls! ye prov'd that "God is love,"
And now ye strike, the golden harp above;
By mercy signaliz'd, beyond your race,
Ye sought and gain'd, a plenitude of grace.
Ye died to live, your "record is on high;"
In history of the church, ye ne'er shall die:

+ "For an account of the triumphant death of these eminent men, the reader is referred to Wesley's Works Vols. 4 and 7; and also to the Work of Mr. Jackson. The inscription on the Tablet to the memory of the venerable Fletcher, placed in the City road Chapel, is a fine example of the "Master-hand" of "a Watson," in delineating the "virtues" and "sanctity of this holy man."

Succeeding ages, shall your virtues see,
 And emulate, your heav'n-born piety.
 And by your vast attainments, nobly fir'd,
 Shall seek for grace, as rich as ye acquir'd.*
 And taught of God, to feel as ye did feel,
 Shall catch your spirit, and transmit your zeal;
 From stock to stem, till children's children rise,
 To fight the battle, and to win the prize:
 Through Time's long day, your memory shall stand,
 Till the great angel, with his lifted hand
 Shall smite the earth, and make the fiat roar,†
 Through its vast concave, "time shall be no more."

These bright cotemporaries, to bliss had fled,
 Yet WESLEY said not, that "his world was dead."‡
 His musing soul, in contemplations strong,
 Anticipated,—not in distance long;
 The consummation blest, when he should stand,
 Among the worthies, in that "better land."

* The reader will forgive the egotism of the writer in saying that so it was with himself. When but a boy the "Life of Fletcher" was one of his favorite books: and in the perusal of it, he would frequently retire, and pray that God would "make him like that good man."

+ See Revelations x. 5-6

‡ The author of the exquisite "Night Thoughts" says my "world is dead," and speaks of a "Spruce Band" arriving to "push" him "from the scene." Our *Wesley* on the contrary seems to contemplate an "enraptured host" awaiting on the other side, and ready to hail him on the "eternal shores" of the "celestial land!"

Absent from flesh they were, but in his mind,
 He often join'd them,—would not stay behind;
 Ripen'd in sacred love, for glory meet,
 His “old companions,” now he longs to greet;
 Forgets the living, seems to slip away,
 In dear remembrance, on the “All saints day.”
 And rapt in heav'nly thought, for minutes ten,
 Holds sweet communion, with unearthly men.
 In silent ecstasy, with closed eyes,
 While all around, are mute with great surprise,
 His happy spirit, feels seraphic love,
 And, soft he says, “Come, join our friends above;”
 We here by living “faith,” unite “our hands,”
 And now we “greet, the blood-besprinkl'd bands.”*

Ah who can tell! how precious, and how dear,
 These early partners, of our young career;
 Those, who have with us wept, and with us walk'd,
 And with us read, and with us freely talk'd;
 And with us shar'd, in losses, or in gains,
 Imparting pleasure, or dividing pains:
 Have travell'd on, in fair, or cloudy day,
 And been companions, of our devious way.
 When such endear'd associates, droop or fall,
 How keen the sorrow, and how loud the call;
 We look around for friends, but they have ris'n,—
 No more we meet them,—till we we meet in heav'n.

* See this most interesting circumstance beautifully narrated in *Watson's Life of Wesley* page 316. Surely the favored audience, must have been delighted with this touching association of earth and heaven.

So with the **BROTHERS**, whom no man could part,
 One in affection, heart entwin'd with heart;
 They labor'd on, with scripture for their guide,
 No episcopal rite could them divide:
 Together wrought, and wrote, and preach'd, and pray'd,
 In love that "never faileth," undecay'd:

But now the time arrives, when **CHARLES** must go,
 And **WESLEY**'s aged heart, must bear the woe.
 The silver cord is loos'd, the tuneful soul,
 Spreads its light wings, and flies to reach the goal;
 The master-bard, who touch'd the sacred lyre,
 Whose thoughts were music, and whose words were
 Whose richest melodies, with thrilling voice, [fire;
 Had made ten thousand hearts in songs rejoice.*
 His earthly harp, must now be laid aside;
 Yet e'en in death, he sings "the crucified;"
 And with harmonious tongue, dictates a strain,
 While "failing flesh," and "feeble strength" remain;
 And though his cunning hand, no more may charm,
 His beating heart, with consolation warm;
 Lifts an expectant eye, to "catch a smile,"
 As the reward of all his mortal toil.

* "For the spiritual advantages which the Methodists have derived from his inestimable hymns, which are in constant use in their congregations; as well as for his early labors, the memory of Mr. Charles Wesley indeed deserves to be had in their everlasting remembrance, and they are not insensible of the value of the gift."—
 Watson's Life

And in a vein of poetry sublime,
 "Drops into" endless life, from dying time. *
 Joins now the chorus, with the heav'nly throng,
 Whose sounds symphonious, ceaseless flow along;
 And strikes the golden harp, with those above,
 Lauding in triumph, his Redeemer's love;
 Unites in strains, which angels gladly vie,
 And "holy, holy," does incessant cry.
 Before the throne, 'tis now his high employ,
 To shout "by turns," the "ever-bursting joy."
 And with a poets flame,—a seraph's fire,
 Pours forth in numbers, that shall never tire;
 Those heav'nly cadences, to all unknown,
 But spirits of the just, so "near the throne."

Thus, in the mellow'd ripeness of his age,
 Fled the bright Genius, of poetic page.
 But vainly, does the foe unloose the strings,
 Our sweetest Psalmist, lives for aye, and sings.
 He sings above, and myriads sing below,
 Those songs divine, which from his lyre did flow;

* "A few days before his death he composed the following lines. Having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him and bade her write as he dictated.

"In age and feebleness extreme,"
 Who shall a feeble worm redeem?
 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
 O could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity!"

—Whitehead's Life.

Nor can our Israel, e'er forget his strain,
 Or congregated saints, respond in vain;
 No,—while our sons and daughters, sing or read,
 To tell their joy, or utter plaints, in need;
 In the same words, their hearts shall oft out-pour,
 Or, fill'd with holy gladness, God adore.

Hail heav'nly art! hail Poetry divine!
 So strong to raise, so magic to refine
 Our grov'ling souls, and with a hallow'd flame,
 Warm frozen hearts, or furious passions tame;
 Call forth our sympathies,—improve the mind,
 Devotion aid, to leave the world behind:
 And lead a wand'rer, as he "toils along,"
 To weep with joy, or "burst into a song."

Thanks, to the band of Christian Poets then!
 Few in their number, 'mongst our gifted men;*
 Yet, to the churches of our Zion dear,
 How high their standard, and their thoughts how
 How vastly rich, when with a theme elate, [clear;
 Their splendid talents, thus they consecrate;

* "It would seem indeed, from the very small number of really good psalms and hymns which are adapted to public worship, and the use of religious societies; that this branch of sacred poetry has not been very successfully cultivated; and that the combination of genius, judgment, and taste, requisite to produce them, is very rarely found. The greatest poets have not proved the best hymn-makers, Milton made but one tolerable Psalm, and still more modern poets of note have not fully redeemed the credit of their class."—Watson's remarks. See also M'Nicoll's "Essay on the uses of poetry."

And "smit with love of song," devote their lays,
 To hymn their great Redeemer's, worthy praise;
 While crowding companies, on holy ground,
 As "many waters," with entrancing sound;
 "High as the heav'ns," with one united voice,
 Raise the loud anthem,—thankfully rejoice.
 And, in their well-selected notes proclaim,
 The growing triumphs, of the Saviour's name.

Oh! 'tis a sight and sound, to fill the eye,
 And make the soul, with ecstasy to sigh;
 When echoing hearts, in mingled notes of love,
 Pour forth their vesper-hymn, like those above;
 And in the house of praise, and humble prayer,
 Find with his Saints, that God himself is there;
 And in this sacred type, of heavenly rest,
 Anticipate the transports of the blest.
 Forget the toils, of all their earthly way,
 On wings of fervent love, spring far away;
 And, rais'd by holy song, together rise,
 In faith to taste, the pleasure of the skies.

Oh thou! for whom, in Sion waits the song,
 Teach this frail heart, thy praises to prolong;
 Oh, may it ever, be my happy place,
 To stand within, the temples of thy grace;
 Till by thy mercy, I shall join the choir,
 Where grief impedes not,—voices never tire;
 But with the vocal circle all complete,
 They fall o'er-whelm'd and worship at his feet;
 And in one chant, of deep undying tone,
 With everlasting songs, surround the throne.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK VII.

Death of the Righteous.—Joy of the liberated Bird.—Wesley's usefulness to the last.—A curious question put to him.—His answer.—Readiness for his reward.—Moses at the Bush.—Wesley's final scene.—His affecting prayer.—His effort to praise.—The last words of our Leader.—His Will.—His venerated corpse in the Chapel.—Deep feeling at his interment.—Funeral sermon at City Road.—The "blue riband."—Sketch of Wesley's talents and character.—Apology of the Author.

SOME "Angel guide the pencil," aid to paint,
The scenes illustrious, of the suffering saint;
When drawing near to life's mysterious close,
In faith and hope, his soul in calm repose
Hangs on his God, his long-try'd faithful friend,
And bounds triumphant on, to meet the end.

“Great in his ruin,” awfully sublime,
 Unmov’d by sorrow, and unchain’d by time;
 Proclaims to all, though struggling e’en for breath,
 “Virtue alone has majesty in death”!

How oft the captur’d bird, imprison’d long,
 Droops in confinement, and forgets its song;
 Mopes in its cage, or flutt’ring tries in vain,
 To fly abroad, and skim the verdant plain.
 Oh, should some friendly hand but ope the door,
 Away it darts,—how gayly does it soar!
 Mounts to its native sky, on gladsome wing,
 And free, and happy, now ye hear it sing.
 Its warbling accents, tell how great its joy,
 And, now delighted,—meeting no annoy,
 The well-pleas’d songster, swells its little throat,
 To thank the kindness, with its sweetest note.

So with the soul, through grace prepar’d to rise,
 And join its kindred, in the glitt’ring skies;
 From doubt deliver’d, sav’d from bondage here,
 Joyous in hope, and freed from slavish fear;
 Tho’ worn with weakness, and in dying strife,
 Impatient to “be swallow’d up of life,”
 Th’ “appointed time” it waits, with wish supreme,
 To lose its plaints, in that immortal theme;
 Which saints, and angels, rapt’rously repeat,
 When low they fall, and worship at His feet:
 And to the Lamb, who bore our curse, and shame,
 Shout the hosanna,—“blessing to his name,

Who died to live, and lives to die no more;
Worthy is He,—let earth, and heaven adore!”

Oh sons of WESLEY; mark ye, mark ye well,
(Would that the Poet's pen, had power to tell;)
The zeal, the love, of him whose constant pray'r,
Was to be useful,* while he linger'd here.
Who, when his *fourscore* years were more than past,
Pursu'd his plans, unshrinking to the last:
And, with the “*Wedding garment*,”† calmly stood,
To hear the call, and pass o'er Jordan's flood:
So well prepar'd, to leave the world behind,
Observe the posture, of his sainted mind.

“How would you spend your time,” said one to him,
“Or fill the hours, of the short interim;
Were you aware, to morrow-night at ten,
Your course would end, among the sons of men?”

* “He continued during the autumn and winter, to visit various places till February, continually praying, “Lord, let me not live to be useless.”—Watson's Life.

† The unwearied devotedness, of his constant mind, may be discovered, from the following affecting entry in his Journal.—“At nine I preached to a select congregation on the deep things of God; and in the evening, on ‘He is able to save unto the uttermost, all them that come unto God through him.’ Friday 26, I finished my sermon on the ‘Wedding Garment;’ perhaps the last that I shall write. My eyes are now waxed dim. My natural force is abated; however, while I can, I would fain do a little for God, before I drop into the dust.”

A question singular,—which understood,
Demanded answer, in a serious mood.

The answer good, bespoke emotions grand,
And told a mind, accustom'd to the strand
Of this vain world,—its charms, with him were o'er,
And he stood unaffrighted, on its shore.
Nothing had he to do,—but just to die,
This we discover, in his prompt reply.

“To morrow morning, I would preach at five,
At twelve, would show them I was still alive;
Return at six, to Glo'ster, and there preach,
Then spend a cheerful hour, my friends to teach;
These labors done, would lay me down to rest,
And fly at once, to my Redeemer's breast.”*

Gaze on him here, ye people high and low.
Without an effort, quite prepared to go;
No need of change, his every-day employ,
Found him well-fitted, for his Master's joy.

* “It is said, on good authority, that a lady once put this singular question to the Rev. John Wesley: “How would you spend your time, in the interim, were you sure that you must die to-morrow night at ten o'Clock?” To whom he promptly replied, “How madam? I would preach to-morrow morning at Gloucester, at five o'Clock; I would preach at Tewkesbury, at twelve o'Clock; return and preach at Gloucester at six; spend a cheerful, profitable hour with my friends after the labors of the day; then I would retire.

Capacitated, for that world of bliss;
 Nobly unriveted, from all in this :
 To meet the chariot, all illum'd with fire,
 He waits in gladness, 'tis his hearts desire.
 Longs for the home of saints, the portion fair,
 Assur'd, of an "enduring substance" there.
 His "mantle" holds, to drop, as he ascends;
 And leave his blessing, with his weeping friends.

O for a hope like his!—a joy so calm,
 With all the pow'r of Gilead's holy balm,
 To gild my ev'ning, with a ray serene,
 And cheer me, when I quit this chequer'd scene;
 Imparting bliss, "which pain and death defies;"
 Triumphant, when the feeble body dies.

Time was, when MOSES, by a voice profound,
 Was made to feel, he stood on "holy ground;"*
 He "hid his face," in reverential awe,
 And with his sandals, must not nearer draw:
 He "turn'd aside," to see the mighty "sight;"
 But the vast vision, fill'd him with affright.

"My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live."

An answer worthy the piety, and wisdom of that great man; it was the work which he had assigned himself to do the next day, and he had no need to make the slightest deviation from his every-day employment, to prepare for an entrance into the joy of the Lord."—Methodist Magazine Rev. E. Grindrod's Sermon.

* See Dr. Clarke's Commentary on Exodus iii. 1-4.

And who, unaw'd, unsmitten, unimprov'd,
 Dares to approach, when all around are mov'd?
 The death-bed of the just,—the chamber blest,
 Where the "good man," anticipates his rest:
 And with an untold grandeur, 'midst his pains,
 Finds glory, in the soul, that God sustains;
 Achieves the vict'ry, over death and hell,
 And gives the signal, in a glad farewell.

Oh then my muse! thy deepest notes prolong,
 The theme, can ne'er "intoxicate the song:"
 "Put off thy shoes," draw near with hallow'd joy,
 The final scene, may thy best skill employ;
 Thy hero's flame, is now, but "mounting higher,"
 Behold him, "flourish, unconsum'd in fire!"

The time arrives, when he, himself must die,
 And weak with age, he says, "I down must lie;"*
 Yet upwards to his Rock, his eye he turn'd,
 While the full prayer, within his bosom burn'd;

* He returned home extremely ill, his friends were struck with the manner of his getting out of the carriage, and still more with his apparent weakness when he went up stairs and sat down in his chair. He now desired to be left alone and not to be interrupted by any one for half an hour. When that time was expired some mulled wine was brought him of which he drank a little. In a few minutes he threw it up, and said "I must lie down."
 —Benson's Memoirs.

"O Lord! thy mercy still, thy servant tend,
And crown his life, with a triumphant end!" *

The pray'r was heard, and now his dying voice,
Breaks forth in songs, which make his friends rejoice,
"To the THREE-ONE, who sweetly all agree,
To save the lost, eternal glory be."
Gasping for breath, and having done his "all,"
To pray and praise, he still, does on them call;
Reflects on sixty years, of labor o'er,
In pointing fellow-men, to Mercy's door:
Yet counts, his "*little good*" but dross and dust,
And in his great Redeemer, puts his trust;
Looks now, to nothing he has said, or done;
But looks for all, from the ATONING-ONE.
The gospel scheme, had fill'd his head and heart,
Nor would he now, a whit from it depart:
His theme through life, had been his Saviour's blood,
And now, he sought, no other way to God:
In former days, his hope had been express'd,
Glorious in brightness, now it thrill'd his breast;
No need of more he says, I meekly fall,
Into his arms, who "purchas'd, promis'd all,"

* Sitting in his chair, he looked quite cheerful, and repeated the latter part of the verse composed by his brother.

'Till glad I lay this body down,—thy servant, Lord, attend;
And, O! my life of mercy crown, with a triumphant end!"

Repeat again, my all-sustaining plea,
 "Chief among sinners, Jesus died for me!"*

Thus goes he down, into the valley's shade,
 And to the throne, approaches undismay'd;
 Weak in himself, is mighty in his Lord,
 Happy through him, to claim his vast reward.
 Securely built, on the foundation stone,
 Resting his all, on Christ, and Christ alone,
 From soothing anthems, he could never cease,
 Until, his "Master lays him down in peace."
 The rod, and staff, are now his strong support,
 And, as he nears, the long-wish'd, welcome port,
 The "clouds drop fatness" on his fainting hours;
 Hear ye his utterance! "Jacob's God is ours!"
 And tho' his feeble frame, could scarce impart,
 The warm emotions, of his grateful heart,

* In the year 1783 when taken very ill, and supposing that a spasm would seize his stomach, and probably occasion sudden death; he said to Mr. Bradford, "I have been reflecting on my past life: I have been wandering up and down, between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures, and now it is probable, that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this,

"I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me."

His tuneful tongue, while yet, he could it raise,
 Told his last effort "Yes I'll praise,—I'll praise!" *
 Yet, as he clos'd his eyes, before he goes,
 To join departed friends, in sweet repose;
 He lifts his dying arm, a token gives,
 That his undying spirit nobly lives.
 And, *thrice* the thought, gives motion to his tongue;
 Long be it treasur'd,—ever be it sung,—
 The words shall oft, our children's bosoms thrill,
 "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US" still! †

Hail! sound prophetic, true the word indeed,
 God, has been with us, in the time of need;
 His holy arm, has made us to excel,
 And thro' him, WESLEY's offspring have done well.
 God of our WESLEY, let our unborn race,
 Like him, victorious by thy word of grace,

* "He called those present to prayer: and though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the psalm before mentioned, he could only utter, 'I'll praise—I'll praise!'"—Benson's Memoir.

† Mr. Wesley's *last words* have been often quoted. The *manner* in which they were conveyed is as remarkable as the words are singular "After lying still awhile, he called for pen and ink. They were brought to him, but his hand could no longer perform its office. 'Tell me,' said one 'What you would say?' 'Nothing,' answered he but, '*that God is with us.*'"—Jackson's Centenary.

Prove, thou art with them, make their goings sure,
Long as the earth shall stand, or sun endure.

But, brought at length, to his protracted end,
In prayer commended, by "his faithful friend," *
The Pastor of our thousands said "FAREWELL"
And rose, for ever with his God to dwell.
Without "a ling'ring groan" his charge laid down,
And won the wreath, the bright unfading crown.
Join'd the "ships company," on yonder shore,
Where all is peace, and death divides no more ;
And, hail'd by myriads, sav'd by love divine,
Bright as the sun, does in the kingdom shine.

Oh ye, who stood around his dying bed,
And with an eye of pity, watch'd our head !
What felt ye, on that dark, and trying morn,
When with keen anguish, and in grief forlorn,
Ye saw your HOBAB, † turn towards his home,
And leave ye in the wilderness to roam :

* "On Wednesday morning, the closing scene drew near, Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, praying with him, and the last words he was heard to articulate were, 'Farewell !' A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God, this beloved Pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord."—Benson's Memoir.

† The comparison in this line may not strike the mind of every reader.—The Author therefore transcribes a part of the note of Dr. Clarke on "Leave us not, I

To take on you, his constant toil, and care,
 And bear the burden, he was wont to bear;
 To sow the seed in tears, and labor on,
 In deep distress, because your head was gone.

So 'twas with the great Shepherd of the flock,
 When he for man, became the smitten rock:
 To his disciples, he the warning gave,
 That so prepar'd, they might the tempest brave.
 "A little while, and I must from you go,
 The world shall smile, while ye are sunk in woe;

pray thee; for as much as thou knowest, how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes." Numbers x. 31.—"But what need had they of Hobab, when they had the pillar and fire continually to point out their way? Answer. The cloud directed their *general* journies, but not their *particular* excursions. Parties took several journies, while the grand army lay still. They therefore needed such a person as Hobab, to direct these particular excursions; to point them out watering places, and places where they might meet with fuel, &c. &c. On these grounds Hobab should be invited; and for this reason Hobab should go. Man cannot do God's work; and God will not do the work which he has qualified and commanded man to perform. Thus then the Lord is ever seen, even while he is helping man by man."—Mr. Wesley was indeed to the camp of our Israel "instead of eyes." Well acquainted with the wilderness, and singularly adapted to "find the way;" when they saw him depart to his heavenly home, we may imagine what must have been their sorrow.

"Left wandering here, with thousand cares oppress'd."

Sorrow hath fill'd your hearts, with poignant grief,
 But I will see you, to your glad relief;
 Although in anguish, now ye sigh and mourn,
 Your sorrow, into gladness I will turn;*
 Your joy of heart, no man shall take away,
 "But with your Master, ye shall ever stay."

Thus WESLEY left, his followers behind,
 But oh how many since, with him have join'd;
 The "*little while*" has past, and they have ris'n,
 To greet their head, and praise the Lamb in heav'n!

Soon as he's gone, his wishes to fulfil,
 They read with care, his testament and will;
 Though silence seals his tongue, his pen shall tell,
 The way and manner, of his passing knell:
 "No pomp, no proud escutcheon, coach, or hearse,"†
 Or splendid trappings, to adorn his corse;

* See John xvi. 16-22.

How consoling and supporting must these kind assurances of the compassionate Saviour, have been to his poor, weak, and timid disciples, under the circumstances of sorrow and privation, which were now approaching, and of which he had in tenderness forewarned them.

† The item in his will is a short, but striking exhibition of the great and noble bearing of our venerable founder, "I give six pounds to be divided among the six poor men who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this."

Those that have lov'd, shall the libation pour,
 Their "tears" embalm him, and he asks no more.
Poor men, shall bear that body to the grave,
 Which sought for sixty years, *the poor* to save:
 Nor, shall the honor of the task impede,
 A good reward for this, their envied deed:
 A pound repays that act, which pounds might claim;
 A proud memorial, to the bearer's name.
 Distinguish'd shoulder!—never didst thou bear,
 A weight more precious, or a form more rare:
 The "beauteous ruin," lovely without breath,
 Too good a prey, for cold and cruel death.
 His figure small, his countenance serene;
 "One of the finest, that was ever seen." *

* The reader will be pleased with the following extract from a description of Mr. Wesley's person. "His face for an old man, was one of the finest we have seen. A clear smooth forehead; an aquiline nose; an eye, the brightest, and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion, scarcely ever to be found at his years; and impressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure, few have seen him without being struck with his appearance: and many who had been greatly prejudiced against him, have been known to change their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence, in his countenance and demeanor, there was a cheerfulness mingled with gravity; a sprightliness which was the natural result of an unusual flow of spirits, and yet was accompanied with every mark of the most serene tranquillity. His aspect, particularly in profile, had a strong character of acuteness and penetration!"

A piercing eye, a forehead smooth and clear;
 A freshness, lasting to his latest year:
 These all conspir'd, in dignity to say,
 "A *spacious soul*, did animate this clay!"

Yet, e'er the gaping tomb, receives its trust,
 Before they read the sentence "dust to dust,"
 Obedient, to his friends' intense desire,
 Within the sacred house, they lay there sire:
 His relics there, display a heav'nly smile,
 And intimate, his glad escape from toil;
 Crowds flock'd around, to view the faded flow'r,
 Admir'd its beauty,* in that solemn hour;
 And felt a vain regret, so fair a form,
 Should glut the grave, or feed the greedy worm.

The last sad offices, remain to do,
 And the set time, is only known to few;
 His goodly clay, no longer they detain,
 Though hard the duty, and severe the pain.
 The road was throng'd,—Commerce itself stood still,
 A pang unusual, did each bosom fill:
 And, lest the teeming numbers should o'er-flow,
 To see this last,—this deep-exciting show;

* "At the desire of many of his friends his corpse was placed in the New Chapel, and remained there the day before his interment. His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it."—Benson's Memoir.

His cautious friends, with prudence all alive,
 Contriv'd his funeral rites, soon after five ;*
 Yet numbers come, although 'tis early day,
 And to his dust, their kindest tribute pay.

Hark to that solemn sound ! distinct, and clear,
 Slowly it falls, upon the list'ning ear ;
 It falters on the lips, of him who speaks,
 And the big tear, bedews the hearers' cheeks ;
 "Almighty God, unto himself has ta'en,
 The soul of him, whose ashes here remain ;
 Our *dear departed* FATHER's, join'd the just,
 And we commit his body, to the dust ;
 In sure and certain hope, that it shall rise,
 And claim its kindred spirit, in the skies."

Oh ! when a SIRE's remov'd, the word bespoke,
 The pent-up grief, from ev'ry bosom broke ; †

* "The crowds that went to see the body were so great, that business was generally suspended in the City Road, and it was with great difficulty that any carriage could pass. His friends were apprehensive of a tumult, if they should adopt the plan first intended. It was therefore resolved the evening before, to bury him between five and six in the morning."—See Benson's and Jackson's Accounts.

† The late Rev. Mr. Richardson who now lies with him in the same vault, read the funeral service in a manner that made it peculiarly affecting. When he came to that part of it, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' &c. he sub-

And deep they sobb'd, and loud, and long they wept,
 For him, who now in Jesus sweetly slept;
 They from his tomb return'd, in pensive mood,
 Longing to meet him, in "the bright abode."

All is not done, in order still to teach,
 His *fun'ral sermon*, they must also preach;
 Large "City Road," a concourse does divide,
 One sex on this, and one, the other side;
 And in the congregation, truly vast,
 Where all are thinking of the recent past;—
 Where, through the living mass, nought meets the
 But sad mementoes, that the pious die; [eye,
 One only "*beaver*" shows "a riband *blue*,"—
 The owner, inward says, "what shall I do?"
 The ornament unseemly, that she wore,*
 From off her head, with ready hand she tore;

stituted with the most tender emphasis the Epithet *Father* instead of *Brother*, which had so powerful an effect on the congregation, that from silent tears, they seemed universally to burst out into loud weeping."—Watson's Life.

* "When the funeral sermon was preached, the men occupied one side of the City Road Chapel, and the women the other; and, with one solitary exception, it is said that not a colored riband was to be seen in the vast congregation. One lady with a blue riband on her beaver hat, found her way into the gallery; and on observing her singularity, she instantly tore the unseemly ornament from her head, and thus assumed the garb of mourning with the rest of the people."—Jackson's Centenary.

And seem'd abash'd, in dress to be so gay,
 Among the mourners, on that weeping day;
 While, with the sable tokens all around,
 She seeks to mingle, on the hallow'd ground.

So finish'd WESLEY, such our Leader's doom;
 Dying he lives, and preaches from the tomb,
 He nobly conquers, while he seems to yield,
 And falls, in the "high places of the field."
 While multitudes, by his example taught,
 Adore the hand that hath such wonders wrought.

But Reader,—read his stone,* mark this "*great*
 That rose, when all the nation sat in night; [*light!*]"
 Of talents singular, and full of grace,
 He liv'd to bless his country, and his race.
 Observe his love, when speaking to the great,†
 Amidst the dangers, of their earthly state;

* The inscription on Mr. Wesley's Tomb, together with the epitaph on the Tablet in the City Road Chapel, may serve as memorials of departed greatness. True indeed "His name will be ever had in grateful remembrance, by all who rejoice in the universal spread of the Gospel of Christ."

† An admirable example of this, is afforded in his affectionate and admonitory letter, addressed to Sir James Lowther, a Magistrate, and a wealthy and honorable Baronet.—See Wesley's Journal, October 1754.

The way in which he handles the answer of Sir James, is a fine specimen of his 'plain dealing' and faithful love.

His deep and tender pity,* for the poor,
 He gave his all,—and fain would give them more;
 His rich materials, for pulpit use;
 His patient charity, amidst abuse;
 His happy eloquence, so short, so sweet;
 Well-chosen, clear, concise, complete;
 Entranc'd its thousands, by its wond'rous play;
 And WESLEY liv'd, *the preacher* of the day!†

Ah! ye who lov'd him, words, all words are weak:
 The pen would paint,—the tongue essays to speak.
 But who shall draw the likeness of the man,
 Who liv'd and wrought, upon a god-like plan?

* Mr. Jackson observes "To God and the poor, he gave all that he possessed!" And another writer says, "Perhaps the most charitable man in England, was Mr. Wesley. His liberality to the poor knew no bounds but an empty pocket. He gave away, not merely a certain part of his income, but all that he had; his own wants provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others."

† The reader is referred to the account inserted in Woodfall's Diary, London, June 17th 1791. The writer of that article gives a condensed but touching exhibition of the zeal and talents which, drew to Mr. Wesley "the homage and gratitude of thousands, who looked to him as their father, their benefactor, their guide to glory and immortality." "A recompence" says he "sufficient to repay the toils of the largest life. Before this, lofty prelates bow, and princes hide their diminished heads."

Whose "excellencies rare,"—strangely combin'd,
 Left mighty masters, far away behind:
 While, penetrated by the soft'ning pow'r
 Of sacred truth, they spent the happy hour;
 And gather'd crowds exclaim'd, while round they stood,
 "Oh the transcendent glory of the good!"

Ye, that regard his name, forgive the muse,
 His thoughts are feeble; limited his views;
 But here, where master-minds have try'd to soar,
 He brings his *little quota*,* to the store;
 And though his effort, does not meet his theme,
 The motive, craves your candor, and esteem:
 If here he fails, try ye, who think you can,
 To do full justice, to this angel-man.

* The remarks of Dr. Clarke, in his letter of December 7th 1831, made the Author sensibly to feel, that his best "effort did not meet his theme." Who indeed can do justice to such a *Life* and *Death*—the Doctor's observations are as follow.—"No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's life, who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom; and perhaps the world, or rather the church, may find, when Adam Clarke is no more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellencies in his life, by one whom he affectionately loved; and who valued him more than he does any arch-angel of God."—
 See Memoirs of the Wesley family.

But though the pen, his doings cannot trace,
Oh let us catch, a measure of his grace;
And follow in the way, till him we meet,
And with the *bishop* "sit at WESLEY's feet;"*
Casting the crown, before the Eternal King,
The song of the redeem'd, for ever sing;
From trees of life, pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And chant his praise, who tunes the golden lute.



* See Book 4, page 29.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK VIII.

The Phœnix a symbol of Wesley's end.—The first Conference after his death.—His letter to the Preachers.—Resolution of the Conference.—Their untold sorrow for their great loss.—The first Presidents.—Thompson.—Mather.—Their adaptation for the office.—The London Conference.—Signal answer to a serious question.—Admiration of such devoted men.—Trial of the firmness of the Preachers.—Attempts to set aside the deed of declaration.—Agitation respecting the sacrament.—The decision on the subject.—Articles of Pacification.—Increase of members after Wesley's death.—Thanks to the Great Source of all prosperity.

THE fabl'd Phœnix, with its neck of gold,
Its sparkling eyes, and beauties manifold;
Dwells in the wilderness, with crested head,
And lives unrob'd, though centuries are fled;

Till when at length, advanc'd in ripen'd age,
 Just now about, to quit its earthly stage;
 Behold it raise in calm serenity,
 With aromatic gums, and fragrant wood,
 The rural fabric, the funereal pyre,
 Where self-devoted, it will soon expire;
 But while it fans the flame with flapping wing,
 From out its ashes, see another spring;
 The chrysalis survey—come, see it burst,
 A new-born Phoenix, from its parent's dust.*

So, WESLEY's sacred relics safely sleep,
 And scores and hundreds think of him and weep;
 In sorrow deep, they often cogitate,
 Resolving still, their head to imitate;
 His death new impulse gives, and now they rise,
 With freshen'd zeal, to catch him in the skies.

The time returns, the CONFERENCE must meet,
 Their rev'rend Father, they no longer greet;

* The ancients speak of this bird as single or the only one of its kind; they describe it as of the size of an eagle; its head finely crested with a beautiful plumage, its neck covered with feathers of a gold color, and the rest of its body purple, only the tail white, and the eyes sparkling like stars; they say that it lives about five-hundred years in the wilderness; that when thus advanced in age, it builds itself a pile of sweet wood and aromatic gums, and fires it with the wafting of its wings, and thus burns itself; and that from its ashes arises a worm which in time grows up to be a phoenix.
 —London Encyclopedia.

Depriv'd of him, their faithful guide and friend,
 Unto his kind instructions, they attend;
 While he in order, to prevent abuse,
 Leaves his "last words" to them, for constant use.

Imagination! lead me to the spot,
 Where now they read, what ne'er can be forgot.
 "My brethren dear, allow me still to teach;
 By mercies of your God, I now beseech:
 Remain together, let all things go on,
 As I were with you, and we all were one.
 If e'er you lov'd me, and your brethren too,
 Respect no person, in whate'er you do:
 In fixing stations, have no partial zeal,
 Dispose of all, to serve the public weal:
 In all things, ever act with single eye,
 As I have done, from the beginning—try
 To let no prejudice, your purpose bend,
 Then God with you, shall be unto the end."*

This testimonial, of the Leader's mind,
 So wise, so gen'rous, and so truly kind:

* See the interesting Letter of Mr. Wesley,—read at the first Conference after his death, and also the entry made by the Preachers on the occasion; the close is as follows,—“Their souls do truly mourn for their great loss, and they trust they shall give the most substantial proofs of their veneration for the memory of their most esteemed Father, and Friend, by endeavoring, with great humility and diffidence, to follow and imitate him, in doctrine, discipline, and life.”—Conference Minutes 1791.

Denoted well, the feelings of that heart,
 Which from them, was reluctant to depart;
 Evincing now, what oft he felt before,
 A wish to bless, when he should be no more.
 And while intent upon his heav'nly rest,
 Secures the "Deed" by his well-tim'd request;
 Looks with a placid smile, and cheerful mien,
 On his successors, in the future scene;
 And meditative on his own decease, [crease.
 Forms well-wrought plans, that they might still in-

With filial love, the Conclave one and all,
 Resolv'd, obedient to their father's call;
 In unity of spirit, to enjoy,
 Untouch'd by envy, pride, or self's alloy,
 Those firm immunities, which WESLEY's lore
 Contriv'd, to guard the *conferential* store.
 To meet his kindest views, they all agree,*
 And with unbroken truth, in amity,
 Preserv'd to each, in sacred trust to hold,
 The rights consign'd, to shepherds of the fold;
 While heart in heart, and hand conjoin'd with hand,
 They undivided, in affection stand;
 As duteous sons, they in the work engage,
 And by his precepts, seek to mend the age.

* "The Conference have unanimously resolved, that all the Preachers who are in full connexion with them, shall enjoy every privilege that the members of the Conference enjoy, agreeably to the letter of our venerable Father in the Gospel."—Vide Minutes.

As when the cedar falls, the fir trees near,
 Astounded howl,* transfix'd in deep despair.
 When stately oaks, of Bashan are despoil'd,
 As the weak sapling marks the tempest wild;
 So felt the fir trees, of our forest ground,
 And stretch'd their limbs, to clasp each other round;
 While, o'er the prostrate form, of him who fell,
 They pledg'd to stand, against the hosts of hell.

Or as of old, when Israel in the plain,
 For thirty days in lamentation vain,
 Wept for their MOSES,† who had led their way,
 And fondly wish'd, that he might longer stay.
 So mourn'd in truth, their souls their mighty loss,
 And look'd for strength, to bear this heavy cross;
 Unable now, their feelings to express,
 They meekly follow, though in deep distress;
 And in unfeign'd esteem, with love intent,
 Speak by their deed alone, th' untold event.
 "They mourn the dead, who live as they desire,"‡
 This, their memorial, of their reverend Sire.

But midst the sorrows, which their souls o'erwhelm,
 Some still are found, prepar'd to guide the helm;
 And with unusual skill, not faint, or slow,
 Bore all the weight, yet bearing it, could go,
 Forth to the holy work, in purpose strong,
 To point the way, and urge the ark along;

* See Zechariah xi. 2.

† See Deuteronomy xxxiv. 8.

‡ Young.

Men of sound sense, of mark'd discretion too;*
 Who knew the when, the where, the how, to do;
 And solemnly impress'd, and fill'd with grace,
 Now took the charge, and stood in WESLEY's place.

See them now take the presidential chair,
 In deep experience, and with judgment clear;
 They watch the steps, and draw their future plan,
 In strict accordance, with their god-like man:
 Declare in concord, with united breath,
 "Let all be done, as WESLEY left at death."†

Such were their doings, and among them stood
 A THOMPSON worthy, and a MATHER good;
 The first of noble soul, who early wrought;
 And more than forty years, poor sinners taught;

* "The Preachers felt the awful responsibility of their situation. Some of them were men of more than ordinary experience, wisdom, and integrity. Among these, William Thompson, and Alexander Mather stood pre-eminent. They were men of strong sense, sound discretion, firm purpose, deep piety; and were solemnly impressed with the justness of Mr. Wesley's plans, which they also thoroughly understood."—Jackson's Centenary.

† The great desire of the Preachers to conform in all things to the views of their Founder, may be observed by the question instituted by themselves, at the first Conference after his demise, viz. "What regulations are necessary, for the preservation of our whole economy, as the Rev. Mr. Wesley left it?"

Him did they choose, that he might now preside,
 And take the seat, of their removed guide;
 The honor high full well, did he sustain,
 And useful liv'd;—and dying, found it gain.*

MATHER the next, demands a meed of praise,
 Among the Elders, of those signal days;
 With zeal for God, with patience, meekness, blest;
 In labors, not a whit behind the rest;
 With vast capacity, improving mind;
 For spheres of usefulness, by God design'd.
 He studied things, and men, and God's own book,
 And from this treasury, his knowledge took:
 He spared not himself, but wore away
 His health, and strength, in labor night and day;
 Concern'd himself, in all that touch'd the cause:
 His eye was single, seeking no applause;
 Endu'd with special gifts, for numerous years,
 He manag'd well, all difficult affairs:

* In the minutes of Conference 1799, under the question. "Who have died this year?" is the following notice "William Thompson in the Sixty third year of his age. He was an Itinerant Preacher for above forty years; being very young when he began to travel. The Conference shewed in what light they viewed him, by choosing him for their first President, after the death of the Rev. John Wesley. He suffered extreme pain in his last illness, which he bore with great patience, and with entire resignation to the divine will, and closed his useful life, happy in God."

As "WESLEY'S *right hand man*," he took his part,*
 Clear in the head, devoted in the heart;
 Assisted in his counsels, took his share
 Of all the toil, the burden, and the care;
 And when the Master-chief, was from their head
 Remov'd,—to slumber with the silent dead;
 Nothing of moment could transacted be,
 Unless his judgment, did with them agree.
 His aptitude, the whole connexion knew,
 For trying questions, and decisions true;
 To his opinion, great regard they paid,
 So frank to serve them, yet in conduct staid;
 And long, and well he shone, a burning light,
 To cheer the pilgrims, in their earthly night;
 Until his work was done, and then his Lord,
 Said "come my love, arise," take thy reward;
 And now, in the celestial hemisphere,
 His pray'r is answer'd, "*I'll be there, there, there!*"†

* "At the general Conferences he took an active part in all our affairs. During the life of Mr. Wesley, he was for many years, what some persons called, his right-hand man. He certainly assisted him very much on various difficult occasions, and was a principal member of the select committee, which he made choice of to advise and assist him in various important affairs, which from time to time were laid before the Conference."—Pawson's account of Mather.

† On Monday, being in extreme anguish, he said, "I long to be gone, I long to be gone," and desired me to pray for his dismissal. After pausing awhile, he said, "I am happy in Jesus, but my sufferings are very

There does he shine, for ever as the sun,
And shares the vict'ry, that his Saviour won.

Nor, will the candid reader, think it rude,
That here I bring a pleasing interlude;
Drawn from the archives, of our WESLEY race,
Distinguish'd souls, fill'd with abundant grace.

In the *great city* now, behold they meet,
Their Conferential work, is just complete;
Yet, e'er they part, while MATHER fills the chair,
And COKE* attends them, in their work of pray'r;
One weighty question, does their thoughts engage,
And seems to wait an answer, sound and sage;
"What can we more design, or more devote,
The work of God, in order to promote?"

And the resolve, which then, and there, they gave,
Told, they were WESLEY's sons, intent to save;
"We do again, without reserve, or guile,
Determine, in His blessed work to toil;
Our gifts, our all, were only to us lent,
We spend ourselves, and will be gladly spent,

great;" and added, "Rivers of life divine I see, and trees of paradise.—O let me be there:—I'll be there, there, there! O that it might be this night! O hide me among these trees! Here may I have an abiding place!"—See the memoir of this excellent man in the *Lives of the early Preachers*, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson.

* Dr. Coke was Secretary of the Conference.

In service of our God, with heart entire;
 More than we e'er have done, we still desire;
 In solemn dedication, now we rise,
 To the great Lord, we lift our hands,—our eyes;
 And at this hour of night, we one and all,
 Stand on our feet, t'obey our Master's call."*

Oh, who can paint such men! their spirit mark
 Unmov'd, uncharm'd, unwishful for a spark
 Of kindred fire,—a pure ethereal glow,
 That warm'd their hearts, and made them over-flow
 With cordial love, that could not stay or rest,
 While guilty wand'ers, were by Christ unblest.

But now the bond of union, must be tri'd,
 And some, too soon alas! were drawn aside;
 "Searching of hearts," in many parts there were,
 And now they needed, prudent, pious care.
 To mutilate the deed, subvert the cause,
 And frustrate WESLEY's minist'ry, and laws,†
 The first attempt is made by those, who sought
 To choose, by whom the people should be taught;

* See the singular resolution of these holy and devoted men at the "solemn hour of the night just before the close of the Conference."—Minutes 1792.

† "The first attempt to set aside the "Deed of Declaration," and by necessary consequence, to subvert the itinerant ministry which Mr. Wesley had instituted, was made by a body of Trustees of Chapels, who claimed the right of appointing the Preachers to their respective Pulpits."—Jackson's Centenary page 225.

And doing thus, they needs must put away,
 The leading feature, of the WESLEY way:
 Itinerancy must cease, and passing strange,
 The settled preachers, need no more exchange:
 And vast societies, without a choice,
 Had lost the blessing, of a *varied* voice.
 Each sep'rate church, with self-inherent zeal,
 Had sought its own, but not the general weal.

Again, the democrats, resolve to try,
 For Conferential privilege, they vie;
 The pow'r bestow'd on preachers by "the Deed,"
 By their own wisdom, they would supersede;
 Fain would they now, as members introduce,
 Their brethren lay,—thus turning from its use
 The "*declaration*,"— the acknowledg'd rule,
 To guide, and guard, the methodistic school;*
 This, to all government, would put an end,
 And to the ruin, of the state must tend;
 For every body, when it wants a head,
 Is only fit, to lie among the dead:
 Useless its members, all its parts are vain,
 The head alone, its functions can maintain.

But these attempts, were futile in their form,
 "The Deed" was "their sheet-anchor" in the storm;
 On it they held, and steadfast to the plan,
 Trusting in God, were not afraid of man;

* For an account of this second attempt.—See Mr. Jackson's valuable work, page 226.

True to their principles, and nobly bold,
 They watch'd th' enclosure, of our sacred fold;
 And thus preserv'd, inviolate and sure,
 The WESLEY rites, which to this day endure;
 And shall endure, for CENTURIES to come,
 Our city's bulwarks, and our safe-guard's home.

Some other trials meet the Conference men,
 To them they bring, accustom'd acumen;
 The people now their services require,
 Unfolding to the priests, their hearts' desire:
 "The holy sacraments, we surely need,
 You are the men, and you must do the deed;
 'Tis from your stores of knowledge we are fed,
 And from your hands, we crave the sacred bread."

O'er this they ponder, with their usual skill,
 And in this work, are anxious to fulfil
 The gospel call, which had to them been giv'n,
 By which some thousands, had been lodg'd in heav'n.
 Now they agree, and where the laics join,
 Consent t'administer the holy sign;
 The supper of their Lord, they now partake,
 Willing to give it, for the people's sake;
 To meet their wishes, and afford content,
 Ensure a wise, and lasting settlement;*

* "We therefore weigh'd this delicate subject with the greatest seriousness, and deliberation, feeling the tenderest pity for those of our brethren who thought themselves aggrieved; and came finally to the following

The bond of heavenly peace, and union give,
 In showing forth the death, by which we live;
 They now resolve in love, with heart upright,
 T' with-hold no more, the consecrated rite;
 No sinister design, does this induce,
 They seek to profit all,—prevent abuse,
 And every stumbling-block away remove,
 Proving themselves “a threefold cord of love.”

With zeal, and prudence, thus they move along,
 Their God is with them, in his strength they're strong;
 But as new converts, swell their length'ning line,
 No easy task, they prove it, to define,
 The dues reciprocal, which each should yield,
 The folded sheep,—or shepherds of the field;
 Fraught with the charge of such immense affairs,
 Their hearts are “deeply touch'd,” and full of fears;

resolution: “That the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper shall not be administered by the Preachers in any part of our connexion, except where the whole Society is unanimous for it, and *will not be contented without it*; and, in even those few exempt Societies, it shall be administered, as far as practicable, in the evening only, and according to the form of the Church of England. For we could not bear that the Sacrament, which was instituted by our Lord as a bond of peace and union, should become a bone of contention: and are determined never to sanction the administration of that holy ordinance, for the purpose of strife and division.”—Vide Address from the Conference, to the Members of the Methodist Societies.” 1793.

In fasting, and in pray'r, they spend their day,*
 And sought, and found their God, to guide their way.
 To check suspicion, make commotion cease,
 Secure foundation for a lasting peace ;
 To show their utmost wish to satisfy,—
 Unite the brotherhood, in deathless tie,
 Nine chosen names, they solemnly elect,†
 To frame new rules, and ev'ry flaw detect.
 For words acceptable, they now consult,
 And laws PACIFIC, are the fit result:‡

* When we assembled together, our hearts were most deeply touched with the awful situation of our affairs. We trembled at the thought of a division, and its dreadful consequences ; and therefore determined to set apart the first day of the Conference, as a day of solemn and real fasting, and prayer."—Letter to the Members of Society 1795.

† On the second day of the Conference, a Committee of nine were chosen by ballot to prepare a plan of general pacification, and the following names were returned as first upon the list, Joseph Bradford, John Pawson, Alexander Mather, Thomas Coke, William Thompson, Samuel Bradburn, Joseph Benson, Henry Moore, and Adam Clarke. These were indeed *chosen* names ! Well might the Preachers exclaim, "We were astonished at the choice, and clearly saw it was of God."

‡ The "Articles of agreement for general pacification" may be seen in Minutes of Conference Vol. I, together with the remarks of the Preachers. The spirit and temper of these men of God cannot but remind, of the disinterested love and devotion of the great Apostle, as

In them, they to their members, frankly show,
The guarded path, in which they wish'd to go.

These wise arrangements, strengthen'd ev'ry hand,
And gave cement, unto the hallow'd band.
Gentle the priests, affectionate, refin'd;
In labor lib'ral, and in candor kind;
No sep'rate int'rest, could divide their care,
They mix their pleasures,—ev'ry sorrow share:
Resentments buried, in oblivion lie,
Strife and contention, from their borders fly;
The law of love, bears sway, with sweet control,
Great grace is on them :—with one mind and soul,
In mutual confidence,—with ready heart,—
To save the world, unitedly, they start;
Heav'n speeds their way, the work breaks out around,
The Spirit falls upon the fallow ground.
Chapels arise, societies are form'd;
Wonders of saving grace, are now perform'd.
So mighty was the work, their Saviour wrought,
Sinners from darkness, into light were brought:
Within *ten* years of WESLEY's mourn'd decease,
A *forty thousand* tells their vast increase:

manifested to the Corinthians, Galatians, Thessalonians and others.—It drew (as well as it might) from the “Delegated Trustees” at Manchester, a resolution of “*unanimous thanks*” to the President and Members of the Conference.

Years roll along, until they reach a score :
And then, they count, *one hundred thousand* more.*

Thanks to the Lord, *to him*, the glory be,
Who gave the full, the vast, prosperity.
To him we raise the shout, we pour the song ;
(And may our children, the blest them~~e~~ prolong ;)
His, be the blessing, who the vict'ry gave,
Who taught our honor'd Seers, the art to save ;
Who crown'd their holy toil, with glad success,
To make them blessings, did them richly bless ;
Who shed his favor, on their growing flock,
GLORY TO HIM, our Israel's strength, and Rock !

* " Various financial regulations were also adopted, for the purpose of removing all just ground of suspicion, relative to the application of the funds of the connexion. These arrangements gave general satisfaction, and were followed by the happiest results. Mutual confidence was preserved between the Preachers and people ; and spiritual religion spread in almost every direction. Extensive revivals of the Work of God broke out in several places ; new societies were formed, and elder ones were quickened and augmented ; and many chapels of various sizes were erected and enlarged. Within ten years after Mr. Wesley's death, the societies were increased in Great Britain alone, more than forty thousand ; and in twenty years they were increased upwards of one hundred thousand."—Jackson's Centenary.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK IX.

Symbolic actions often make deep impressions.—The Father's lesson to his twelve sons.—Unity of the Preachers.—Notice of some who filled the Chair.—Pawson.—Bradford.—Bradburn.—Barber.—Benson.—The Author's reminiscences of his preaching.—Sketch of Clarke.—His valued help to the Bible Society.—His concern for Mr. Watson.—His death by the Cholera.—Enlargement of the Mission field.—Dr. Coke's embarkation for the East.—Death on Board.—First Missionary meeting at Leeds.—Mr. Watson's assistance.—His Person.—Preaching.—Speeches.—Appeal at City Road Chapel.—His happy end.—Reunion of the good in Heaven.

WORDS reach the ear, but actions meet the eye,
And make impressions, that can never die:
The act symbolic, strikes the wand'ring sense;
While mem'ry pond'ring, in a mood intense,

Reviews the circumstance, with cautious heed,
And learns the moral, of the mystic deed.

So when the Sire, rever'd of dozen heirs,
About to quit them, with their num'rous cares;
Some strong impression, wish'd to leave behind,
To guide their footsteps, and to sway their mind;
He call'd his progeny, around his bed,
And with a solemn gesture, to them said;
"Gather twelve sticks, and let them here be brought,
For ye are twelve, and of you much I've thought;
Bind them together well, try each his skill,
To bend, or break, according to his will;—
Vain is your effort,—they conjoin'd defy,
The best exertions of your potency.
Now rive asunder, just divide the band,
Then take the stoutest, in your well-nerv'd hand,
Easy ye bend, or readily ye break:—
From this my sons, do ye, a lesson take;
Hold well together, let no feud divide;
So shall ye brave the storm, or stem the tide:
By love fraternal, meet for danger's hour,
Ye'll show to all, that unity is pow'r."

Thus did the WESLEY brotherhood display,
That love which made them of one heart and way.
With growing numbers, growing cares arose,
Yet, to the wonder of their envious foes,
They win their way, and strangely doing well,
Amidst all trials, wond'rously excel.
Each annual sitting, do they still contrive,
To solve new doubts, and keep the work alive.

Love is their motto, unity their strength;*
 While o'er the field, in all its breadth and length,
 They cast the gospel seed, and to their pray'r,
 Blessings descend, to crown their toil and care.

From year to year, the leaders took the charge,
 Well qualified, its duties to discharge.
 A sample of those chieftains, now we trace,
 Who fill'd,—well fill'd, the presidential place;
 And with unearthly skill, in heav'nly mood,
 Denied themselves, to serve the people's good.

Kind Recollection! aid the fond design,
 And guide the pen, to trace the faithful line;
 To mark the lineaments, correctly draw,
 The mighty masters, of our common law.
 Scribes well instructed, in the gospel school,
 Patient to suffer, diligent to rule:
 Who knew the happy medium, kept between
 An abject meanness, and a haughty mien;
 Who sway'd the sceptre, like their Lord above,
 In condescending dignity, and love;

* The unity of the preachers appears to have been the care of the Conference from time to time as may be observed in the annual minutes, and the questions sometimes instituted.—See minutes 1806. Question 24. That they were closely united in judgment as well as affection is manifested by the long list of names found in the Minutes of 1789. On the subject of settling the preaching houses.

Yielding obedience, to their Saviour's call,
The "greatest, servant to the least of all."*

Among these men of grace, a PAWSON view,
Unblemish'd, steady, prompt, and wise, and true ;
"Upright and downright,"† twice he fill'd their chair,
Serving his brethren, with a heart sincere ;
Defended well their doctrines, and their way,‡
And sinking, found them a sufficient stay ;
Address'd his "*Adam*,"§ from his dying couch,
In midst of weakness, glad is he, to vouch
The saving pow'r of truth, which he had taught,||
And now to him with heav'nly comfort fraught.
Thus honor'd he his God, with all his pow'rs,
And now his God, upon him blessings show'rs.

* See Matthew xx. 25-27; and Mark ix. 33-35.

† "He was, what he used to say every genuine Christian should be, upright and downright."—Traits of Pawson.

‡ "He was a zealous defender of the doctrines and discipline of the methodists, and particularly of christian holiness, and the witness of the Spirit."—Conference Minutes 1806.

§ See his affectionate letter, written from his dying bed, to his esteemed friend and brother, Dr. (then Mr.) Clarke and published in the Methodist Magazine 1807.

|| In the letter referred to, he says, "you may tell all my beloved London friends, that J. Pawson, dies a witness of the saving power of those precious truths, which have been taught, believed, and experienced among us from the beginning of Methodism."

He gives support, amid his mortal pains;
 Stooping to conquer, he the conquest gains;
 Obtains the triumph, over sin and death,
 And "vict'ry"* shouts, with his expiring breath.

A BRADFORD, and a BRADBURN here combine,
 And presidential honors, round them shine;
 The first our honor'd Father's, "faithful friend,"
 Who on his travels, oft-times did attend;
 He rais'd the pray'r, in WESLEY's closing scene; †
 In the sad day of trouble, was serene;
 And midst the agitations of that day,
 Won their best thanks, and bore the palm away. ‡
 The other too, a bright and burning light,
 Whose glowing heart, in preaching took delight.
 With gifts pre-eminent, and grace endow'd,
 Attracted thousands, did around him crowd;

* Mrs. Pawson remarks, "after laboring in the Lord's vineyard forty-four years, a great many were witnesses of the consolation he derived, from those precious and essential truths he had been enforcing upon others, during that period; he found them a solid foundation in his dying moments, enabling him to shout victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb."

+ See the note Book 7, page 69.

‡ He was President of the Conference when the "Articles of Pacification" were agreed upon, and received, in connexion with the Conference, the "unanimous thanks" of the delegated Trustees assembled at Manchester.—See Minutes 1795.

While with the melting harmony of song,
 He pour'd persuasion, from his pow'rful tongue.
 His quick discerning, and vivacious mind;
 His pointed wit, and sentiment refin'd;
 His higher pow'rs, his eloquence so grand,
 Show'd, "one of the first preachers in the land."*
 And well he wrought,—a faithful laborer here,
 Then left the field, to join the heav'nly sphere.

Among these rulers, in our sacred pale,
 Strong in attachment, not dispos'd to quail;
 A BARBER stands, inflexible and firm,
 To raise the weak, or strengthen the infirm;
 Peculiar int'rest in the cause he felt,
 Often, before the throne divine, he knelt;
 In pulpit labors, he was greatly blest,
 And pardon'd penitents, their joy express'd.
 He breath'd with christian spirit, love to all,
 Who on our Lord, and their's, united call:
 And with a holy sympathy, and zeal,
 For saints afflicted, tenderly could feel.

* It is needless to offer any remarks, as the life of Mr. Bradburn has been published. From the Conference record of his death we extract the following observations. "His ministry was owned of God for the salvation of many, and, for several years, he was considered not only as one of the first preachers in the land, for all the higher powers of persuasive eloquence, but as a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord."

His brethren him esteem'd, and chose him twice,
To take the chair, and give them sound advice ;
But while, the second time, he did them guide,
His Master call'd,—and, suddenly he died.*

Another leading spirit, let us trace,
Sound in divinity, and strong in grace ;
Adorn'd with learning, and with love inflam'd,
Of Christ, and of his gospel, not asham'd.
With hallow'd wisdom, was his mind well stor'd,
Truth's deepest treasures, were by him explor'd ;
And richly charg'd, from her exhaustless mine,
We hail'd our BENSON, as a "great divine!"
Distinct, impressive, accurate, and strong,
His soul be-stirring language, flow'd along ;
While as a legate, from th' eternal world,
A Saviour's blood-stain'd banuer, he unfurl'd.
His pow'rful applications, close and deep,
With yearning heart,—eyes not asham'd to weep ;
Told,—often told, the magic of that pow'r,
His God vouchsaf'd him, in his preaching hour.
No marvel then, the Conference agree,
Once,—and again, their chairman he should be.

* He was a man of prayer, his preaching was blessed to thousands in various parts of Great Britain, particularly on the subject of Christian holiness. The esteem in which Mr. Barber was held by his brethren in the ministry, is proved by their making choice of him twice as the President of their Conference.—He was the first President, who died during the year of his Presidency.—Conference Minutes 1816.

Hail happy warrior! thou hast gain'd the prize,
 And pass'd through death triumphant, to the skies;
 Yet, as a father in our Israel dear,
 Thou shar'st my love, and had'st my parting tear;
 Oft has thy ready tongue, charm'd all this breast,
 And sacred truth, when by thy lips express'd,
 Appear'd in radiance, all divinely bright,
 And fill'd the soul, with sanctified delight.
 Thy scripture eloquence,—thy pray'r,—thy fire,—
 Woke in my youthful heart,* a strong desire,
 To be like thee in zeal,—like thee to show,
 The matchless love, that saves from deathless woe;
 While with thy Master, thou hast fix'd this eye,
 In aw'd attention, or mute ecstasy;
 And made a stripling, by thy pow'r in pray'r,
 With Peter say, "'tis good Lord to be here."†

By righteous lips, the souls of men are fed:
 From thee I sought, and found the living bread.

* In the composition of these lines the writer has been pleasingly conversant with by-gone days.—Well does he remember, some twenty-five years past, hearkening with intense interest and delight to the powerful arguments and touching appeals of this great preacher. Often has he been reminded of the master when listening to his servant. "All their eyes, were fastened on him and they wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth."—See Luke iv.

† See Matthew xvii. 4.

From thee the pledge, of member-ship I gain'd :*—
 Then be thy mem'ry, by this mind retain'd,
 Until through mercy, I with thee shall meet,
 And bless our God, and worship at his feet.

But fearful, lest my reader's patience tire,
 In notice of the worth, we so admire;
 One other name illustrious, we observe,
 Of skill distinguish'd,—apt indeed to serve
 The gen'ral weal, the welfare of our race,
 Spreading the glory, of the God of grace.

Oh who can track, the orbit of that star,
 So bright with lustre, scatt'ring beams afar:
 Whose rays concentred kindled oft a spark,
 While heav'n's own light, gave halo to a CLARKE;
 And vast assemblies in the sacred hour,
 Felt living truth, combin'd with mighty pow'r;
 While he, with skill most simple, most sincere,
 Brought noblest thoughts, to suit the humblest ear.†

Nor was he great, in preaching pow'rs alone,
 The precious stores of knowledge, were his own;

* The author received his *first Ticket* as a member of the Methodist Society from the hand of Mr. Benson, and he still retains a pleasing recollection of the fatherly observations, and advice of the venerable *divine*.

† A poor woman in a district remote from London, hearing of his great fame resolve to hear him for herself. On her return her friends inquired, How did you like him? She replied "Why they say he is very *larned*, but I understood every word he said."

His "separated" mind,* with eager will,
 Drank deep, and large, at truth's immortal rill
 He sought it out, and "intermeddl'd" too,
 With biblic wisdom, gain'd by only few;
 And 'mongst the learned languages, could roam
 In ease, and pleasure, as a child at home.
 His gifted genius, his capacious mind,
 Unsated, unimpeded, unconfin'd,
 Rang'd through the works of nature, and of grace,
 With mighty strides, and scientific pace.
 In oriental literature he rose,
 Valiant for truth, and ready to oppose
 With classic taste, and criticism strong,
 The specious errors, which to those belong,
 Who read the sacred page, with bias'd eye,
 And with unhallow'd wit, or sophistry,
 Pervert its great design, and lead astray,
 The weak inquirers, after wisdom's way.

But now, the GREAT SOCIETY, require,
 His valued help, and forward their desire
 Unto the Conference, who ready grant,†
 The good supply, in this their time of want:
 He lends his aid, accomplishes their plan,
 To give the scriptures, to the tribes of man;

* A reference is intended here to the motto which the Doctor chose for himself.—See Proverbs xviii. 1.

† "Brother Clarke is returned to London, at the unanimous request, of the Committee of the British and

That thus, the heav'nly streams abroad may flow,
 In tongue vernacular, to high and low.
 For this, he will not have their press'd reward,*
 Enough,—he serves his race,—he serves his Lord.

By their kind suffrages, his brethren greet,
 And thrice, he fills the presidential seat;
 To the great cause, he gives his open heart,
 And ming'ling with his brethren, did his part.
 Much he assisted, in their varied cares,
 Bringing the wisdom, of his lengthen'd years.

Foreign Bible Society; from whose respectful and polite request, transmitted to the Conference, we learn that Brother Clarke's assistance is indispensably necessary to the accomplishment of several plans, which that most respectable Society has entered on, for furnishing various heathen and Mohammedan nations, with the holy scriptures in their respective languages."—Conference Minutes."

* In 1807 the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, requested permission to present the Doctor with £50. His reply to the address of the Committee shows the disinterested devotedness of his spirit. It begins as follows.—"Gentlemen with great respect and gratitude, I return the fifty pounds which have been kindly sent me by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. To no principle whence my services proceeded, and to no feeling of my heart, can I reconcile the acceptance of the Society's bounty. What I have done was for the sake of God and his truth."—See *Methodist Magazine* 1832.

With kind affection, to the very end,
 Unto their business, he does well attend;
 And at the last exclaims, without pretence,
 Yes, "we have had a glorious Conference!*

"Glorious" indeed, some shining ones were there,
 Ready for glory, then to them so near.
 A JAMES, a WATSON, him, of whom we sing,
 Heralds endow'd, of the Immortal King;
 Who now had met to part, and meet no more,
 In holy conclave, on this earthly shore.
 Their sittings end, and just about to leave,
 In sympathy, they to each other cleave;
 His brother's hand, the aged Doctor takes,
 While from his boding heart, this counsel breaks;
 "Oh quit this town, as early as you may,
 The cholera still prevails, with sad dismay;
 What now awaits the people of this town,
 Is only known to God, who seems to frown."

But WESLEYANS, mark his mind, his chosen words,
 His sentiment for NEWSTEAD, he records.—
 "I've lived more than three-score years and ten,
 Have seen the sea, the land, the books, the men,
 Have read and thought, and reason'd from my youth;
 And am persuaded that the simple truth,

* He attended the Conference of 1832, and cordially united with his brethren in the dispatch of their important business; and in writing to one of his friends he exclaims, "We have had a glorious Conference."

Is no where found, but in the bible-page,
 Where pure religion, does the heart engage;
 With *Wesleyan Christianity*, I stand,
 The safest, purest, in our happy land:
 And with that people, I believe is found,
 Divinity in form, and body, sound,
 As e'er was seen in full and bright display,
 From the first age, unto the present day;
 And should a querist, judging by this rule,
 Think I belong unto the bigot's school;
 The false conclusion, I would soon deny,
 Unhesitatingly, give my reply;
 No I do not, that thought I must resist;
 By grace of God, I am a Methodist.*

Such was our CLARKE, amidst our sages, he
 Rose to our heart's delight,† in majesty.

* At the Conference in Liverpool, the Rev. Robert Newstead presented his album to the Doctor, in which he wrote what may be termed his final declaration, showing his strong and unabated attachment to the connexion. —The account of this interesting circumstance of the latter days of the venerable Doctor, may be found in the Methodist Magazine for the year 1832.

† "To us, it is an occasion of honest glorying, that the friendless youth who arrived at Kingswood, half a century ago, with only three half-pence in his pocket, by the blessing of God upon his unparalleled industry, and the native energy of his mind, became one of the most distinguished scholars of his age, and lived and died a Methodist preacher."—Review of his Life.

The poor man blest him, though of mighty mind,
 While royal hands bestow'd their favors kind,
 And rich, and great, and wise, began to mark,*
 The methodistic preacher, Doctor Clarke.

But he is smitten, by the dreadful scourge,
 And soon o'er him, they chant the fun'ral dirge;
 The blast of death, that horror-struck our land,
 Found him prepar'd, for the eternal strand;
 Yet, while it chill'd his blood, and crush'd him down,
 It rais'd his spirit, to a radiant crown.
 The congregated saints, are waiting there,†
 On the blest sabbath, in the house of pray'r
 To hear his voice, but ah! the hand of death,
 Stills its vibrations,—takes away his breath;—
 Their spirits bleed for him, but all is o'er,
 Swiftly he gains the everlasting shore;

* The Doctor was in part his own Biographer, but he observes "nothing shall ever induce me to write the history of that portion of my life, when I began to acquire fame; and great and learned men saw fit to dignify with their acquaintance, and bestow honors, and distinctions on a Methodist Preacher." Others however have told the sequel, and that sequel shows that the pious and learned Doctor, was not without special favors bestowed even from *Royal* hands.

† The Doctor came from Bristol to Bayswater near London on the Saturday, intending to preach at their anniversary in that place the next morning. On the Sunday finding himself much worse, he expressed a strong desire to be conveyed home. The disease however made such rapid progress, that this was rendered impossible.

And keeps unbroken, or by grief, or pain,
An endless sabbath, on the heav'nly plain.

These were the men, (with admiration mark,)
The mighty, the belov'd, who bore our ark:
These heav'n-instructed, chosen men, were found,
To pour the living water, all around:
They, bright as gems, of pure celestial flame,
Liv'd, but to publish, their Redeemer's name.

The work at home, advanc'd with flowing tide,
The land had rest,—the churches multiplied:
But while our favor'd coast, enjoy'd their care,
The distant regions, claim'd a constant share.
And *north* and *west*, most gladly they proceed,*
To minister the word, to those in need;
That nations sitting, in the darkest night,
Might rise and shine, with heav'n-reflected light.

Now aged COKE, did catch an *eastern* fire,
And to his brethren told, his strong desire;

Mr. Moore in the Sermon on his death says "Behold the congregation waits, all hoping for that blessing which his word never failed to bring! Alas! they are called to learn a deeper lesson than any which the living can teach. They are to learn to die to Him, and to leave to His sovereign will to choose, and to command the manner of it."

* "The Missionaries in the West Indies, and British North America, were increased from twenty-one to forty-three."—Jackson's Centenary.

They, looking at the dangers that appear'd,
 Tried t'dissuade him, from the work endear'd :
 He heard their reasonings, well observ'd their fears,
 His spirit yearn'd,—his eye suffus'd with tears ;
 To them he said, "If you'll not let me go,
 My throbbing heart you'll break, with deepest woe."*

This warm appeal, no more could they withstand,
 Away he goes, to India's darken'd land ;
 And with him takes, a well-selected clan,
 To tell of Jesus, and the saving plan :
 But while this prospect, fill'd his loving heart,
 The sudden summons, call'd him to depart.
 That form which wander'd oft,† the lost to save,
 Now sleeps beneath the Indian Ocean's wave,‡

* " Considering his advanced age,—for he was then in his sixty-seventh year,—the want of funds, and need of his services in the management of the Missions already established, several of his brethren attempted to dissuade him from the arduous enterprise ; but his heart was set upon the work, and their reasonings, and entreaties were alike unavailing. Perceiving that his arguments failed to convince them, he burst into tears ; and exclaimed, "If you will not let me go, it will break my heart !" When they saw that so deep was his conviction of duty, and that he could not be induced to alter his design, they repeated the sentiment which had been long before uttered on a somewhat similar occasion, "the will of the Lord be done." —Life of Rev. R. Watson, Chap. 7th.

† Dr. Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times.

‡ The remains of the worthy Doctor, were committed to the great deep in South Latitude 2 deg. 29 min. East Longitude 59 deg. 29 min.

Until the mighty sea, gives up her dead;
 Then shall the sleeping members, join their head;
 And our devoted COKE, again shall rise,
 To mingle with his sav'd-ones, in the skies.

Their honor'd Leader, from their head is gone,
 But to the destin'd scene, they journey on;
 And in yon island, of the eastern sea,
 They spoke his word, who died upon the tree;
 While God's own hand, was present there to heal,
 And hearts of stone, began his pow'r to feel.

Thus in the *east*, they stretch their wid'ning sphere,
 The field of labor spreads, from year to year.†
 The lab'ers, now to fructify the soil,
 Must be increas'd, and strengthen'd in their toil;
 Combin'd endeavors, only can provide,
 The ways and means, to keep the field supplied;
 The death of COKE, proves vegetative seed,*
 And thousands rise, in this the time of need.
 In *Leeds* they meet, a MORLEY, BUCKLEY, there,
 And worthy THOMPSON, kindly takes the chair.

† "The Mission which they began under these circumstances has already exerted a powerful influence upon the Island of Ceylon, it has also long since been extended to the Continent of India, and rises every year, in interest and importance."—Jackson's Centenary.

* "Strange as it may appear, the Wesleyan Missions were greatly advanced in consequence of Dr. Coke's departure from Europe, and his sudden death. When he

This pristine meeting, answer'd very well,*
 Their God was with them, and they must excel.
 Strange things were wrought, the people woke to feel,
 The whole connexion, was inspir'd with zeal;
 The mission flame, by many hearts was caught,
 And gifts and gold, were to the treasury brought:
 Men full of fire, on mission work intent,
 Waited in willing gladness, to be sent:
 While priests and people, thought with heart sincere,
 The world's circumference, needed all their care.†

To carry on this world-converting plan,
 Behold with wonder, a colossal man!

was no more, the Preachers and people awoke from their supineness, and felt the necessity of combined and strenuous efforts, that they might maintain the Missions which were already formed, and commence others which were greatly needed, and in many cases loudly called for."—See Jackson's Centenary.

* In the Magazine for 1813 there is a detailed account of this "numerous and respectable meeting," by which a deep and extensive interest was created. The writer, after narrating particulars, observes "Thus terminated a very interesting and delightful day. The importance of the cause seemed to have an inspiring effect upon every mind; and it was manifest that compassion for the heathen world, and zeal in behalf of missions, were strong and prevailing sentiments."

+ "A new and mighty impulse was given to the Mission work in the connexion. Other places [in swift succession, followed the noble example of Leeds, till the Methodist congregations, from the Land's end to the

A mighty spirit,—all spectators felt,
 That majesty of thought, serenely dwelt,
 Within that stately dome, whose thrilling pow'r,
 Gave life and feeling, to the hallow'd hour;
 While cadences, from WATSON'S mellow voice,*
 Like heav'nly music, made the heart rejoice.

His early dawn, betoken'd splendid day,
 Nor was his light, the meteor's fickle ray.
 But like the sun, he rose in glory grand,
 And spread effulgence, over all the land;
 Tree, of precocious growth and richest fruit,†
 Attracted all and made with wonder mute;

Tweed, caught the sacred flame. Collectors offered their services in all directions; the hearts of the people were every where impressed and opened by just reports of the real state of the Heathen, and by communication of authentic Missionary intelligence; and money was from year to year, poured into the sacred treasury beyond all former precedent. Missionaries have also continued willingly to offer themselves even for the most hazardous and difficult stations; and doors of entrance are almost every year opened in the most unexpected quarters."—Jackson's Centenary.

* "His voice was a clear and mellow base, not remarkably strong; and was very agreeable, except when over-strained in large assemblies."—Life of Watson.

† He delivered his *first* address on Feb. 10th 1796. and completed his fifteenth year on 22nd of the same month, so that he was very early led to call sinners to repentance, yet his appearance was singular. He was very tall and thin, and his countenance indicated great intellectual power.

A tow'ring form, of statue fair and high,
 A countenance, that told the passers-by,
 Of deep conceptive pow'rs, of mind intense,
 With strong imaginings, and vig'rous sense.
 His graceful brow, whereon in glory sat,
 In grandeur all supreme, and consummate,
 The inner man, the comprehensive soul,
 Directing well, the complicated whole.
 His piercing eye, his carriage dignified,
 His teaching tongue, from wisdom's fount supplied ;
 The poet's fancy, the inventive mood,
 The philosophic judgment, sound and good.
 All, all united, in sublimest tone,†
 T' announce an herald, from th' eternal throne.

Oh ye, that with him, often times have soar'd,
 And felt that "grace into his lips was pour'd;"

† The description of Mr. Watson's person and manner as given by his Biographer will be pleasing to the reader. "His stature was six feet two inches. In person he was extremely slender, and, though tall, his carriage was graceful, and, dignified. His eyes were a dark brown, bright and piercing. His forehead was remarkably lofty, broad, somewhat arched, and altogether formed with consummate beauty. His countenance, which was strongly marked, was expressive of intelligence, decision, deep thought, affection, and reverence. In the earlier part of his life it indicated great liveliness ; but in his latter years, intense study and care, with incessant disease and pain, impressed upon it an air of sadness and languor. No attempts had been made to render his manners conformable to the rules of an artificial politeness ; but the

Say, through what regions, he would you conduct;
 Or from what top-most bough, ye by him, pluck'd
 The golden fruit, of high research and thought,
 In bursts of eloquence, before you brought;
 While elevated, on his mental car,*
 Ye follow'd, in the orbit of a star
 Of magnitude supreme,—etherial height,—
 Resplendent,—dark with glowing streaks of light.
 While heav'n's own halcyon calm'd the opening breast,
 And spirit's zephyrs, lull'd the soul to rest.

Such was GREAT WATSON,†'mongstour preaching
 Well could he speak, or guide the ready pen. [men,
 With ministerial courage, see him stand,
 A lucid orb, in Jesu's dexter hand;‡

native dignity of his mind, his own inherent sense of what was becoming, and the benevolent feelings with which his heart was charged, gave a superior eloquence and propriety to all his movements and conduct, in social intercourse."

* Mr. Montgomery remarks "He so wholly possessed us with his spirit; that, during his progress through regions of intellect, or mazes of argument, we were not aware of the speed at which we were carried, or the elevation to which he had borne us beyond ourselves, till some mighty thought came rushing by, like a roll of thunder beneath the car of an aeronaut, reminding him that he is far above the clouds."—Life of Watson.

† The Rev. Robert Hall of Leicester, was an admirer of Mr. Watson.—His denomination of him was "that great man."

‡ See Revelations ii. 1.

Or as an author, in a style refin'd,
 "From the still depths, of his unsullied mind,"
 He oft with master-hand, adroitly brought
 Original in beauty,—bright in thought,
 Those coruscations, which might yield delight,
 To angel-minds, the "first-born sons of light."
 For ready composition, richly fill'd,
 To serve, or save, in heav'nly tactics skill'd;
 He to the fountain-head of truth would go,
 And through his works, the living waters flow;
 His "*Institutes*" divine, assist to preach,
 His "*Conversations*," shall our children teach:
 While his *whole works*, imperishably pure,
 Shall bless the church, and centuries endure.

But the Great Angel, of the *Mission* sphere,
 Claim'd his best services, his toil, his care;
 O'er him the soul-inspiring mantle threw,
 And as a *second COKE*,* he meets our view.
 The platform bounds, to feel our WATSON rise,
 A thousand ears attend,—a thousand eyes
 Are on him fix'd, while he in words of fire,
 Pours forth the melting strain, which all admire.†

* "More than any other individual, this distinguished minister for a time supplied the place of the lamented Dr. Coke."—Jackson's Centenary.

† Many of his inimitable speeches are given in the *Memoirs of his Life*, and writings by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. It is impossible to select, where all is excellent. As a specimen the reader may refer to his first speech at Leeds, his speeches at Sheffield and Wakefield, and

His pow'rful *sermons*, advocate the cause,
 Who can describe them? who withhold applause?
 Ezekiel's valley,* where the millions lie,
 Touch'd all his heart, and mov'd his pray'rful cry;
 That "winds of heav'n," might "breathe upon the
 On India's shore, or Afric's sultry plain; [slain,"
 While still directed, by prophetic lore,
 He with a prying eye, would oft explore
 The regions dark; where in unhallow'd shade,
 They worship gods, that their own hands have made;
 Foretelling the glad day of Sion's mirth,
 When these vain gods,† shall perish from the earth;
 And the Usurper's power by truth o'erthrown,
 Shall fall before, "Messiah's moving throne:"
 The chariot of salvation, speed its way,
 And the dark world be blest, with glorious day.

For this, he moves his pen, he lifts his voice,
 That Afric's sons, in Jesus may rejoice:
 For this, he pleads, for this, we hear him say,
 "All ye who listen, to my words to-day,
 Come set a bright example, to the rest,
 We want the means, that *Ceylon* may be blest:

the one delivered in London in 1830. The latter exhibits those noble feelings in reference to Colonial slavery which will be subject of remark in the next Book.

* See his powerful sermon on Ezekiel xxxvii. 9, delivered in Leeds at the formation of the Methodist Missionary Society for that district.—Watson's Works Vol. 2.

† See his Sermon on "the destruction of Idolatry."

I do not often, make the beggar's bow,
 But in this cause, I'll be a beggar now.
 A thousand groaning souls, for pity cry,
 Will you deny me? will you them deny?"*
 Thus did he, on the waters cast his bread,
 The sevens and eights,† were from his portion fed;
 But soon, too soon, his working days are past,
 And flesh and spirit, form a strange contrast;
 This,—elevated, fortified, and calm,
 That,—wasted, crush'd, and feeble as a worm.
 "But the poor worm, from out the earth shall crawl,
 And in the garden, view the Lord of all:—
 Yes, I his face shall see,—his pow'r adore,‡
 And sing of wond'rous grace, for evermore."

* In the close of the discourse just referred to, there is a most touching appeal. Having declared that he would be "a beggar now," this irresistible pleader says. "I entreat it (i. e. your liberality) for those Hottentots, who under their rocks, and in their bushes, pour out the sighs of a broken spirit, and say, 'Jesus, son of David, have mercy upon me;' for those demons in Ceylon, whose horrid rites fill the Cocoa-groves of that Island with their dismal sounds, for every poor wanderer from the fold of peace and safety; for a creation groaning and travailing to be delivered,—Will you deny me? Will you deny them?"

+ See his Sermon on "Excitements to Missionary efforts."

‡ His favorite expression, when speaking of his state, was to call himself a worm. One night, moved by a sudden impulse, as he lay in bed, he exclaimed, with

So finish'd he his course, and set to rise,
 In the bright firmament, among the wise:
 And now, untouch'd by pain, he sweeps the strings,
 "'*Tis all of mercy*,"* he with feeling sings.
 Nor shall his noble spirit, feel a blight,
 Associated, in that world of light,
 With the first circle, nearest to their Lord,
 Who for him died,—his heav'n their high reward.

Such were our Gems, if gems there ever were;
 "Men of renown," who made the world their care;

tears flowing down his languid countenance, I am a worm, a poor, vile worm, not worthy to lift up its head. But then," he added, "the worm is permitted to crawl out of the earth, into the garden of the Lord, and there, among the flowers and fruits, if it can, to speculate on the palace and ivory throne of Solomon.

I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore."

—Life of Watson.

* The attention of his friends, and medical attendants, his comforts, and the smallest acts of kindness, drew from him frequent expressions of gratitude; and he would exclaim with peculiar feeling, 'It is all of mercy,' and, when one of his attendants reminded him that the Lord had been very gracious in reviving him a little after a period of speechless lethargy, he adopted his usual watchword, 'It is all of mercy.' This was the last religious remark he made."—Life of Watson.

Who watch'd to save the flock, from Satan's gin,
Thought it their highest prize, a soul to win:
But they are gone,—they rest on yonder shore,
Where pain afflicts, and labor wears no more:
The crown is theirs;—'tis ours their end to view,
Strongly attracted,—let us then pursue.
Oh! if incas'd in clay, while here below,
They charm'd our hearts, and sooth'd our saddest woe,
Sure 'twill be boundless joy, to meet above,
And join with them to hymn, redeeming love;
Where death no more shall part,—our heads to raise,
In one unbroken song, of sweetest praise.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK X.

*Nature a moralist.—Autumnal lessons.—
Man like a flower.—The fragrance of our
flowers carried abroad.—Selfishness of man.—
This the source of war.—Of Man-stealing.—
Christianity the only cure.—England strangely
guilty.—The Author of our religion a Patriot.
—His Disciples love all.—Notice of some of
the leading Advocates for Emancipation.—
Digression on Watson.—Success at Home.—
Wesley's opinion of Slavery.—Petitions of the
Body.—Celebration of the day of freedom.—
Thanks to the Country.—To the Colonial As-
semblies.—Increase of Schools.—Prosperity
abroad.—Address to the West India Islands.*

NATURE proclaims, throughout the varied year,
Those moral lessons, that we all should hear;
And though through folly, we are slow to learn,
Admonitory signs, we should discern;

'Tis true her tokens, tend to check our play,
 And sometimes scatter gloom, on pleasure's day ;
 But while our flatt'ring visions are o'ercast,
 We scan the future, and review the past ;
 Instruction gaining, from the changing scene,
 We strive to catch the safe, the happy mean,
 Improve each moment, as away it flies,
 Convinc'd each moment, bears us to the skies.

And who in autumn, has been call'd to tread,
 On layers of fallen leaves, already dead ;
 Nor felt while pacing, in the lonely shade,
 Eve's fairest children, "as a leaf do fade."*
 Or who when wint'ry winds, sweep o'er the plain,
 Or teeming clouds, out-pour the pelting rain ;
 Has mark'd without a sigh, the blasted flow'r,
 Scath'd by the storm, or wither'd in an hour.

Man like a flow'r, in social life appears,
 And by his fragrance, oft his brother cheers ;
 There may his faculties, in bloom expand,
 And beautify the house, the church, the land.

And flow'rs they were, of whom anon we sung,†
 Fresh with the dew of heav'n, though from us wrung ;
 Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness benign,
 Their hearts expanded, 'neath the rays divine ;
 Their bright and varied colors, charm'd the eye,
 Their blighted beauties, made our bosoms sigh,

* See Isaiah lxiv. 6.

† See Book 9th.

By death's fell blast, we saw them from us riv'n,
 "They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heav'n."

But fading flow'rs, and falling leaves remind,
 That trunks are standing, seeds are left behind;
 These, multiplied, shall vegetate around,
 Those, dress'd in foliage, new adorn the ground;
 And through the realm of nature's wide domain,
 In genial spring, fresh flow'rs shall bloom again.

So in our WESLEY garden have we seen,
 Fresh flow'rs arise, with variegated mien;
 A living fragrance, have they oft put forth,
 Extending east and west, and south and north;*
 Wafted to Zealand's isles on spicy gales,
 Carried by winds of heav'n, to New South Wales;
 And borne by free-born Britons, o'er the sea,
 It scented strong of life, and liberty;

* The principal stations of the Society's Missionaries are in Western and Southern Africa, Ceylon, Continental India, New South Wales, Van-Dieman's Land, New Zealand, Tonga, Habai Islands, Fejee Islands, the West Indies, and British North America. To these must be added those in Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malta. Schools, are conducted by the Missionaries themselves, or under their immediate superintendence. Christian worship forms a part of the School arrangements."—Jackson's Centenary.

While by its odoriferous power and sway,
 It softly oped the much obstructed way,*
 And melted by its penetrating charm,
 That scene of wrong, which did the negro harm;
 Regaled anew, your standard bearers cried,
 "Be free indeed in him, who for you died."

But avaricious man devoid of grace,
 By selfishness and pride, torments his race;
 And acting on the mercenary plan,
 Steels all his heart, against his brother man;
 Inflated by the love of pomp and show,
 His pleasures purchas'd, by another's woe;
 Too apt to think the world was made in vain,
 If not his sordid systems to sustain;
 While worshipping at mammon's dazzling throne,
 The kingdoms of this world he'd call his own;
 And with a studious policy proceed,
 T' accomplish for himself, the noble deed.

Say, sons of Briton, is not this the source,
 Of fraud, oppression, violence, and force;

* The labors of the Wesleyan Missionaries in the West Indies have been remarkably owned of God; and the influence of the benign principles of the Religion which they taught was felt in some happy instances, both by the master and slave. Mr. Watson was well qualified to judge on the subject, and in his letter to Mr. Buxton he says, "My principle is to *do right*, and to do it advisedly; and I shall not therefore be thought enthusiastic, I hope, when I say, that *all* the smaller colonies where Missions have been longest in operation, are already sufficiently ripe for such a change, great as it will be &c."

Of pow'r tyrannic, ne'er by heav'n design'd,
 To be bestow'd on aught of human kind.
 Yes, from this root of covetousness rise,
 The tears of orphans, and the widows' sighs;
 And dying groans of thousands,—not a few,
 Witness thou blood-stain'd plain,—fam'd Waterloo!
 Nor bloody fields alone, of crimson gore,
 But sands of Africa's oft-plunder'd shore;
 Where dire invaders, with obdurate heart,
 Have made a myriad spirits,* pine and smart;
 And hapless victims, stolen and enchain'd,
 As "goods and chattles," have been oft distrain'd.†
 Dragg'd from their native soil, borne o'er the deep,
 In way and manner,‡ which constrain to weep;

* It has been calculated that Africa has been annually robbed of one hundred and fifty thousand of her children. Mr. Anderson in his history of trade and commerce observes, "England supplied her American colonies with Negro slaves, amounting in number to about an hundred thousand every year."

† The Author has often seen the Negroes sold to pay the debts of those to whom they belonged.

‡ The horrors of "the middle passage" have been often told, I think it right however to mention a recent circumstance; It occurred in 1837. A slaver had been captured, and was brought into one of our West India Islands. A valued friend, and a Missionary of another denomination, got permission to go on board, and he saw above 200 human beings, male and female crowded together in a state of entire nudity, and in a space little more than four feet high.—The author would suggest, that unless the slave trade be made *piracy* by the law of nations; the millions of Britain will in some measure be spent in vain.

And bought and sold, degraded and oppress'd,
 In bitter sorrow, hopeless and distress'd;
 The woes were theirs, the plaintive Poet sang,
 Inflicting deeply, an envenom'd pang;
 Till the poor savage, plung'd beneath the wave,
 And died a man, but would not live a slave.*

Hail Christianity! our sweetest boon,
 The panacea sole, beneath the moon;
 The Gilead balm, whose sovereign virtues can,
 Restore right feelings, to the breast of man;
 Thy Gracious Author, did our doom reverse,
 To bless our fallen race, became a curse:
 And thine it is, with heav'nly art and voice,
 To make the broken heart, in songs rejoice;
 The wretched pride, that does our tribes divide,
 By thee is humbled soon, and cast aside;
 Rich in benevolence, at Mercy's door,
 Thou criest to all,—the white, the black, the poor;
 To every outcast, willing to draw near,
 "Come in,—be blest,—a common Saviour's here."

But, ah my country! highly favor'd land,
 The price of blood, has been within thy hand;

* It is stated that one of these poor creatures, having escaped from his confinement in the hold, got to the bows of the vessel, where he gave a sort of savage howl to attract notice; and then plunged into the waves to rise no more, thus evincing the feeling noticed in the text.

A hateful system, of oppressive wrong,
 Sanction'd by thee, has told with rueful tongue;*
 That high-born Britons, sway'd by pride and self,
 To get a little of this worldly pelf,
 Could stoop, too meanly stoop, for such a gain,
 Their sable fellow-subjects, to enchain;
 And laws enacted, by unnatural might,
 Have triumph'd, over man's inherent right:
 An odious traffic, a destructive trade,
 Protected and upheld, in statutes made,
 By the proud sons of our enfranchis'd isle,
 May move our pity, or provoke our smile.
 Sure, 'twas for liberty, our warriors bled,
 For this, our troops to battle have been led,
 For this, the "scourge of Europe" was o'erthrown,
 That freedom's flag, might symbolize our throne;
 That the great charter,† of angelic strain,
 We as our birth-right, ever might maintain:
 Yet midst these doings, of free-minded men,
 Of boasted independence, there and then,
 See them together, by insidious knack,
 Contrive t'enslave the poor, and friendless black;
 And sad to tell, the Mistress of the waves,
 Fighting for liberty, retain'd her slaves.

* See Mr. Wesley's "Thoughts on slavery."—Wesley's Works, Svo. Vol. II.

+ The words of the National Anthem are referred to.

"This was the charter of the land,

And guardian Angel's sung the strain;

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,

And Britons never shall be slaves."

The author of the all-redeeming plan,
 Appear'd below, in fashion as a man;
 In civil politics, he took no part,
 Yet, was he prompted by a patriot's heart;
 The love of country, fill'd his heav'nly breast,
 There, succour'd he the downcast, the distress'd;
 To the lost sheep, of Israel's house he came,
 He sought to bless them, to remove their shame;
 He heal'd their sick, 'twas in their streets he taught,
 Among their poor, his miracles he wrought.
 Jerusalem distinguish'd, chosen scene,
 Saw the strange doings, of the Nazarene;
 He knew the end, and well could he fore-count,
 The sighs of Kedron, pangs of Calvary's mount.
 The fatal sequel, was before his eye,
 Had he not told, that they would crucify?
 Yes, but the patriot-feeling rose above,
 The sinners of his country, he would love.
 O'er the devoted city, see him weep,
 In lamentation touching, tender, deep;
 "Jerusalem! I've sought thy highest good,
 And as a hen, doth gather oft her brood;
 So, would thy children but have come to me,
 My wings their covert, should for ever be,"*

Thus wept the Saviour, full of truth and grace,
 Leaving a pattern, for the human race;
 And his disciples, by his spirit fir'd,
 Have sought to bless the world, in love untir'd;

* See Matthew, xxiii. 37.

By this united, they together draw,
 To abrogate the unrelenting law.
 From time to time, they meet, consult, contrive,
 To keep the germs of liberty alive.*
 They look with pity, at the bondman's lot,
 And from their country's code, they seek to blot
 That stain, deep-trac'd by sighs, and groans, and blood,
 A curse to man,—a high offence to God.

To serve this purpose, in the time of need,
 Some generous souls arise, to take the lead.
 A SHARP,† who caus'd the slave to bless our shore,
 He came,—he touch'd,—and was a slave no more.
 A WILBERFORCE, who made the senate peal,
 And sought the wounds of Africa, to heal;
 He wrought,—was blest,—and liv'd the day to see,
 When England gave the fiat, "slaves be free."
 And BUXTON too, who in this righteous cause,
 Met oft abuse, though he deserv'd applause.

* Various religious Societies have from time to time brought the subject before the public, and multifarious petitions numerously signed, have been in past years presented to parliament.

† Granville Sharp Esq. brought the case of Somerset the Negro, before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench in 1772: which trial obtained the important decision, that the moment a slave sets his foot on English ground, he becomes free.

While SMITH, MACAULEY, CLARKSON, all unite,
 As "*saints*"* indeed, the plan to expedite;
 By which eight hundred thousand fellow-men,
 Might rise to equal power, as brethren.
 With these conjoin'd, a BUTTERWORTH we name,
 Whose loving heart, glow'd with a kindred flame;
 He oft presided, in our Mission pale,†
 And pray'd their mutual efforts might prevail;
 That christian heralds, to the west might go,
 The *double boon* from Britain to bestow;
 Proclaiming to the progeny of Ham,
 Captivity led captive, by the Lamb.

* The leading members of the anti-slavery Society, the names above recorded and others with them, were frequently in a contemptuous way designated "*saints*" by the advocates for slavery, and many of the Colonial Newspapers.

† In the Sermon on the death of Jos. Butterworth Esq. preached by the Rev. Richard Watson.—Mr. Watson noticing the character of Mr. Butterworth in connexion with the abolition of Negro Slavery says "In the progress of this question, his heart was evidently more affected by it, and some of us will not soon forget the solemn manner in which, at the last anniversary of the Missionary Society, at the City Road Chapel, after adverting to the difficulties which the parliamentary advocates of the cause of our Negro fellow subjects had to encounter, he called upon that large audience to join him in fervent prayer to Almighty God that they might be supported in their benevolent labors, and that their efforts might at length be crowned with the desired success.

Among these lovers of the human kind,
 See WATSON * rise with large and liberal mind;
 The chosen man, who with no common weight,
 Charm'd, while he stood the negroes' advocate;
 "Honor all men,"† said he, "there's not on earth,
 The meanest vassal of ignoble birth,
 That wears the shape of man, but has a Sire,
 Who will thy brother's blood, of thee require;
 Ah, treat him not with scorn, contempt, or pride,
 Christ took his nature on him,—for him died."

Nor was this all, our WATSON liv'd and wrote,
 This cause of man and mercy, to promote;
 With ready heart to BUXTON does he tell,‡
 Those generous feelings, which his bosom swell;

* Mr. Watson was the devoted advocate of entire freedom.—This was purposely omitted in the former book. The Author considered it to be more relevant in this place.

† See his admirable Sermon on the religious instruction of the slaves, in the West India Colonies, preached before the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, April 24th 1824.

‡ His excellent speeches have been referred to already, (See note page 119.) but his letter of December 1832, to Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., M. P. shows the feelings of his heart on this subject. It was penned when "his right hand" had for some time "forgotten its cunning." The writing was "feeble and tremulous" but it manifested that "the mind of this dying friend of the negro race retained all its energy."—See Life of Watson.

His mighty reasoning pow'rs, his gifted mind,
 With ardency, and eloquence combin'd ;
 His strong appeals, his penetrating glance,
 His cogent thoughts, and solemn utterance :
 Oh yes, they all conspir'd, to win the way,
 And he too liv'd, t'anticipate the day ;*
 When liberty upon the west should dawn,
 And shouting thousands, hail the happy morn.

And he was ours,† (forgive digression here,)
 We had his heart, his counsel, and his prayer ;
 He stood enrooted, in the mission field,
 And well he knew, its saplings how to shield ;
 Yet when affected by a serious loss,
 And JAMES's death, was felt a heavy cross ;
 His chasten'd mind, the tidings well prepared,
 And told of Him, so long, so well endear'd ;

* It is stated in his life, that he remarked to a friend, with considerable feeling "I am now a dying man ; but it is a privilege to have lived to see the time when the day of liberty begins to dawn, upon those poor oppressed people in the West Indies."

+ The reader will excuse the feelings of the writer, Mr. Watson was a Mission Secretary when he went out as a Missionary to Jamaica, and some instances of the frank and generous spirit of Mr. W. came under the Author's own notice.—The circumstance narrated in the above lines, may be found in his life, page 645. It is a charming instance of unaffected humility and generous love.

While from his breast escap'd the bursting sigh,
 He deeply felt that he must also die;
 "Shall we" said one "the mournful truth disclose,
 And with a funeral border it enclose;"
 "O no" said he, "our missionaries blest,
 Drop in the field, and fly away to rest;
 We tell their deaths, without display or show,
 No more we want, when any of us go;
 Our services with theirs, we don't compare,
 They die unfriended,—we befriended here."

The day was won,—a powerful nation rose,
 And cheer'd its friends, and wonder struck its foes;
 Rous'd by the call of Justice, at her shrine,
 They pour the millions, of the golden mine;
 While freedom, flies across the Atlantic wave,
 Proclaiming, "England will not own a slave."

T' accomplish this great work, the Wesleyan band,
 Without reluctance, lent a helping hand;
 Their venerated Father, in his day,*
 Had lifted up his voice, in strong essay;
 That the foul traffic, might for ever cease,
 And negroes poor, have liberty and peace;

* Mr. Wesley published his "Thoughts upon Slavery" in the year 1774, they may be found in his works, 8vo. Ed. Vol. 21, page 59. In the close of his remarks he makes a most powerful appeal on behalf of "The servile progeny of Ham."

That He whose plenteous mercy flows to all,
Might burst their chains, and free from Satan's thrall;
Turn their captivity,—reverse their doom,
And bless their deserts, with unwithering bloom;
While fruits of grace, from Liberty's fair tree,
Should prove indeed, the oppressed doubly free.

The WESLEY lineage, now with kindred zeal,
Publish throughout the land, the loud appeal;*
The Senate meets,—the land,—the nobles join,
And monarchy, appends the royal sign.
The tidings fly among the Western Isles,
From shore to shore it bounds,—the bondman smiles.
The laborers in the Mission field, are cheer'd,
The wished-for morn, of liberty appear'd;
They woke from dreams of bliss, to catch the ray,
Of Mercy's pow'r,—on that triumphant day.

Oh, 'twas a day of jubilee indeed!
Of joy untold, to see our brethren freed;
The solemn hour of Slavery's funeral knell,
Hark to the sound,—for 'tis the sabbath bell:†

* See the "address to the Wesleyan Methodists" by Mr. Watson in his life. Our body took a warm interest in this subject as was manifested by the numerous petitions presented by them to the British Parliament.

† The "church going" and chapel going bell, was heard in most of the Islands on the *glorious first of August, 1838*. The author had the high privilege of beholding the glad day in the Island of Grenada and though then quite an invalid was delighted to lead the worship of a large assembly of worshippers all now blessed with the boon of freedom.

The sable tribes, to Sion's courts repair,
 The voice of joy, and gladness now is there :
 To the Great Source of good, they raise the song,
 " Salvation, strength, and pow'r, to God belong,
 The glory give we him, with all his saints ;
 Who turns to shouts of joy, our long complaints :
 Revives our souls, and makes us truly free,
 Praise be to Him,—the Lord of liberty."

Thanks to the friends of freedom every where,
 Who truly sought to pay, the long arrear ;
 Who faithful stood, and with a gen'rous heart,
 Resolv'd the costly blessing to impart.
 Thanks to the country,* for the noble sum,
 No stinted, mean, or paltry minimum.
 The nation pours the tribute of her gold,
 The sacred rights of freedom, to uphold ;
 And though impending gloom, her poor surrounds,
 Her rich munificence prevails ;—abounds.

Nor let us pass, (if praise be justly due,)
 The smaller Senates, in the distant view.

* " A more striking instance " says Mr. Jackson " of the power of christian principle was perhaps never exhibited in the history of the world. A great and powerful nation, from its own sense of justice, to free itself from a hateful system of oppression, sanctioned by long usage, resolves to pay a sum of money greater in amount than some nations are able to raise under any circumstances whatever. What a lesson to the whole civilized world !"

Who as fair daughters, hearken'd to the strain,
 Of the great Matron-pow'r, across the main;
 And by enactments, of each minor state,*
 Decreed the happy day t'anticipate;
 That predials, with non-predials might exult,
 Together joyful, in the grand result.

The glorious consummation, thus obtain'd,
 Was not without prodigious efforts gain'd;
 And mighty talents, unity, and pow'r,
 Were all combin'd, t'accelerate the hour.
 Men—holy men, with strong unrivall'd grace,
 Join'd head and heart, to bless th' enfranchis'd race.
 Nor slow, nor weak, among these friends of man,
 Stood the brave champions, of the WESLEY clan;
At home our sages, arguments produce,
 And Freedom's chariot wheel would fain unloose;
Abroad our heralds sound the joyful lay,
 And for her chariot, well prepare the way.
 The burst of joy is heard,—responding high
 It meets,—unites,—and rises to the sky:

* The advocates for the continuance of slavery in the colonies were not a few, and it may be supposed that but for the doings of the Parent state would have been slow in the performance of an obvious duty, yet the writer is able to bear witness to some generous instances of disinterested zeal on the part of some of the members of the colonial houses of assembly. Some were found ready and willing to confer the boon of freedom on the field Negroes as well as the Artizans and house servants, though at *considerable loss to themselves*.

The Western vallies sing,—while England's plains,
Reverberate,—“The Great Redeemer reigns.”

Conjoin'd with this, another boon they give,
The slaves are free; then let their children live;
Instruction give their race, and let them know,
For future days, the path they ought to go;
Hence schools arise,*—from darkness they are brought,
Thousands of little-ones, are train'd and taught,
The sacred word is read,—the young the old,
Under one Shepherd, make one peaceful fold.

Hail happy ERA! wrought by WESLEYAN care,
The blest result, of piety and pray'r:
Yes, with our history, thou shalt ever stand,
The great achievement, of our valorous band;†

* In one year the Wesleyan Missionary Society, assisted by the grant of government, erected *nineteen* School houses in the West Indies, and some salaried Teachers were appointed. The Schools connected with our body are in vigorous operation.

† The Author would not by any means insinuate any thing disparaging to other sections of the Christian Church. Yet as a *Wesleyan Missionary* he is compelled to believe, that the high achievements of freedom with its concomitant blessings has been in no small degree the result of the skill and labor of his honored Fathers and Brethren both at home and abroad.

For this our fathers,* travell'd oft the ground,
 For this we give the penny,† or the pound;
 For this we pour the pray'r,—the blessing crave,
 That our Messiah, India's sons might save;
 That pure religion, in the Wesleyan form,
 Might prove to them a covert in the storm.

Then lift your eyes, and gaze upon the scene,
 The scatter'd churches, of the *Carribean*,
 First of our Missions, planted by our COKE,
 And now deliver'd from the galling yoke;
 Your saved thousands,—glorious recompence,
 Repays the ardor, and the love intense,
 Of our apostles:—we their work pursue,
 In the same spirit, with a zeal anew;
 And our posterity, shall still proceed,
 To carry on the philanthopic deed;
 Unwearied in this all-converting toil, [smile.
 While Heav'n shall cheer them, with its constant

Romantic isles! peace to your hills and dales,
 Your flowing streamlets, and your fertile vales;
 JAMAICA, where my babe's fair relics lie,
 Where first I saw the bondman heave the sigh,

* Dr. Coke and others have travelled many hundreds of miles to raise subscriptions for the supply of our Mission fund.

† The Missions are supported not only by the large and liberal donations of the rich, but by the weekly pence and *half-pence* of the poor.

Where burning fever, sought to stop my breath,
 But God "deliver'd from so great a death."*
 BAHAMAS† too,—among your creeks and rocks,
 Days of delight I've spent, with Salem's flocks;
 With crowding Saints, on fair ST. VINCENT's isle,
 Where hearts rejoice, and sabbaths wear a smile;
 And TRINIDAD, where, for three circling years,
 The pray'rs of hundreds oft allay'd my fears;
 With green GRENADA last, a charming spot,
 Where the frail Missionary is not forgot;
 Peace to your sons and daughters, peace to you,
 Amidst your homes, I found affection true;
 Long will fond memory, cherish all the past,
 And with retentive tenure hold it fast;
 While hope shall point, unto that happy home,
 Where pain, and grief, and parting never come;
 Then peace within your sacred walls be found,
 Prosperity encircle you around;
 The richest dews of heaven *my brethren* bless,
 Pour down ye skies, the show'r of righteousness;

* The writer was about six months in Jamaica, where he was brought down to the borders of the grave with yellow fever, and at the time of his deepest suffering, was called to bury a fine little boy whose death was occasioned by a stroke of the sun.

† Seven years were spent in the Bahama Islands, two years in St. Vincent, three in Trinidad, and one in Grenada. In all of these places dear and valued friends have been found; they are not forgotten. May our friendship be renewed where no sea divides, or distance parts.

And let these fields, unto the harvest white,
Regale our hearts with sanctified delight ;
From century, to century still increase,
Brighten'd with light, and filled with love and peace ;
While myriads rise, harmoniously to sing,
The hallelujah, to our heavenly king.



WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK XI.

The great Banian Tree of Hindostan.—Immense growth of Wesleyanism.—Conference resolutions at Bristol.—First meeting at Manchester.—Appropriation of the funds approved.—Unanimity and generosity displayed on the occasion.—Meeting at Hoxton of the Students.—Their liberal contribution.—Adjourned Meetings of the Centenary Committee in various places.—Liverpool.—London.—Bristol.—Birmingham.—Sheffield.—Leeds.—Hull.—Newcastle.—Summary of the whole.

FAR in the east beneath the genial clime,
Where nature sports productions most sublime;
Where vast profusion, meets the gazing eye,
And all around with richest drapery

Stands gayly deck'd in ever living green,
 While various shades, adorn th' enchanting scene,
 See the great Cubbeer Burr,* of wond'rous size,
 Fasten your vision, and excite surprise;
 Great in extent, surprising in its form,
 Untouch'd by slow decay, unmov'd by storm;
 The Mother-tree increasing, throws its shoots,
 While every branch suspends its several roots;
 These striking deep, fill circumjacent ground,
 And rise in lovely vistas all around;
 The Hindoos range in the umbrageous shade,
 Nor of the tropic sun, are here afraid;
 In sacred solitude among its bowers,
 They hold their feasts, or keep their solemn hours;
 And recreating in its cool recess,
 The overhanging branches oft they bless;
 In its pavilion vast, delighted rove,
 And taste the pleasures of the rural grove;
 While golden fruit, attracts the wand'ring eye,
 And ready waits, desire, to satisfy;
 Thus to its varied flocks, or numerous hordes,
 Both sustenance, and shelter it affords.

So with the mustard seed,† by Wesley's hand,
 Planted in deserts of our barren land;

* Some account of the great Cubbeer Burr or famous
 Banian Tree of Hindostan may be found in the London
 Encyclopædia under the article Ficus.

† See note page 33.

The dews of heaven, well saturate the ground,
 New stems are rais'd, and branches spread around ;
 The fibrous roots, still nourish'd from on high,
 Sustain large trunks, increase continually ;
 The shoots now rise to take the parents' place,
 And teeming thousands, the whole prospect grace.

A hundred years their course have almost run,
 Since on our WESLEY beamed th' enlivening Sun ;
 Our chiefest Banian tree superior rose,
 And over-shadowed both its friends and foes.

The Preachers meet in BRISTOL, and debate,
 To make the CENTURY wear a lasting date ;
 A day of special prayer they mean to spend,
 That on the coming service, Heaven may send
 A large out-pouring of the Spirit's dew,
 Baptizing Priests, and people all anew ;
 The President, by their requiring care,
 A manual,—on the subject shall prepare ;
 That unimpair'd, for such occasion fit,
 The grateful sense of good, they may transmit ;
 While a select and nominated band,
 Shall meet in different places of the land ;
 And be abetting to the grand design,
 That every Wesleyan in the work may join.*

* See the Resolutions of the Conference passed at
 Bristol.—Minutes of 1838, Question 23.

Prompt to the call, the chosen ones convene,
 And OLDHAM STREET,* (the highly favor'd scene,)
 Is now the mount, where "dews of Hermon" fall,
 And richest grace, is shed upon them all.
 With cordial love, and harmony divine,
 In comprehensive plan, they all combine ;
 That something worthy, now should plainly tell,
 A *hundred years*, they have been doing well.

The speeches of that long remember'd day,†
 The Poet's pen would joyfully pourtray ;
 But who shall cull the flowers, when all appear,
 Rich with the fragrance of the hemisphere :

* On the morning of November 7th 1838, pursuant to the resolutions and directions of the Conference, a meeting of Ministers and Gentlemen, convened by the President from different parts of the united kingdom, was held in Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester, in order to devise a proper plan for the celebration of the approaching Wesleyan Centenary.—Present.—The Rev. Thomas Jackson, President of the Conference, in the Chair,—the Rev. Robert Newton, Secretary of the Conference,—the Rev. Richard Reece,—the Rev. Joseph Entwisle,—the Rev. George Morley,—the Rev. George Marsden,—the Rev. Dr. Bunting,—the Rev. Joseph Taylor, and the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, Ex-presidents of the Conference, —and about two hundred and fifty other Ministers and Gentlemen connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, and Congregations in London and other places.

† Should not the heart moving speeches of this and the succeeding meetings, be collated and preserved ? Surely the whole connexion, would value such a record.

While every cup is fill'd, with heav'nly dew,
 And all is charming, to th' enraptur'd view:
 The thrilling pleasure, sweet, divine, intense;
 Fixes the mind,—entrances every sense:
 All is delightful;—then survey the whole,
 With glowing heart, in luxury of soul.

The presidential seat, is occupied,
 By ONE well-chosen, apt indeed to guide;
 And competent, by methodistic lore,
 Oft to regale them, with his precious store;
 Raised providentially, to fill the place,
 And give the welcome,—kindly to embrace
 AS WESLEY'S proxy, in a living form,
 His gen'rous sons,—now meeting to perform,
 Those deeds magnanimous, which laughing cried,
 "Impossibilities are now defied!"*

Unto the general call, see now arise,
 The magic man, for clearing mysteries;
 The *Chancellor of our Exchequer*, he,
 Forth-coming ways and means, will let you see;
 The budget's opening,—mark his preface well,
 All that he says, will on the subject tell;
 "No longer now, we 'agree to disagree,'
 But with one heart, agreeing to agree,

* "We are convinced" said a Liverpool paper,
 "that a triumphant conclusion awaits their exertions, for
 hitherto they have,

'Laugh'd at impossibilities,
 And cried *It shall be done.*'"

We'll meet half-way, or all, if half wont do,
Resolve to have *one effort*, and *one view*.*

But all are pledg'd, the means are sure to come,
How shall they manage well, the mighty sum?
Here is the point, that chief attention draws,
While BUNTING, tells, the "appropriation clause."
Clear-headed senator,—before his eye,
The thing is done,—you see the shadows fly:
Perspicuously indeed, his reasonings flow,
And every heart responds, "it must be so."

Now they accord, and with uplifted hands,
Foremost they place, the ministry's demands;
The *Institution*, claims a liberal share
Of the great boon, committed to their care;
That men of God, selected by himself,
From common ranks, devoid of pride and pelf;
By mental training, join'd with heav'nly skill,
Might all the sacred duties, well fulfil;
And rise prepar'd, upon our cities' towers,
To comfort Zion, in her saddest hours;
Or clad in panoply, adroitly stand,
To wield the Spirit's sword, with master-hand.

The complex business, of our mission sphere,
Accumulating vastly year by year,
Requires attention, and the fact they state,
"Our mission premises, are now too strait,

* See Dr. Bunting's *appropriate* speech at the meeting
held in Manchester.

Then let us have a building, WESLEY like,
 A public testimonial, which may strike
 All thoughtful men, our history to inquire,
 And trace the memory, of our worthy SIRE."

To this they all agree, and here they raise,
 A two-fold monument, of grateful praise;
 Our *Mission House*, shall the *Great City* grace,
 And be an heir-loom, to our rising race;
 In the fam'd "*Mart of Commerce*," see it rise,
 To bless the world, and greet our children's eyes.

With these grand objects, others are combin'd,
 Evincing still a noble, gen'rous mind.
 Their swelling liberality abounds,
 They drown the *School debt*, of five thousand pounds;
 Nor this alone, the tide still rises higher,
 The *Ship* is wish'd, it comes at their desire;
 The flood majestic rolls, and sweeps away,
 The *Chapel debts*, that oft-times caus'd dismay;
 And the full stream, triumphantly proceeds,
 To nonplus speculation, by its deeds.

Thus with devoted love, and all intent,
 They mean to celebrate the great event;
 Our WESLEY's God, unitedly they praise,
 The monumental pillar, here they raise;
 And "Ebenezer," every heart resounds,
 The voice is heard in *thirty thousand pounds*.*

* The Editor of the Watchman says, "The common resolution seemed to be, that every one should give to the

Oh 'twas a sight, to charm an angel's eye,
 And make the sons of "Mammon," heave a sigh;
 Old hoary Selfishness, stand all aghast,
 And think his sordid reign, was gone and past;
 While Avarice astounded, fled away,
 His tongue was dumb, on that auspicious day;
 Thankful devotion, fill'd each opening soul,
 Diffusing fragrance, through the happy whole;
 Upborne by holy joy, on spreading wings,
 Now Gratitude her sweetest sonnet sings;
 Forgetting all that now should be forgot,
 Love, heav'nly love, was empress of the spot;
 The love of Christ, constrain'd them to adore,
 And their full hearts, the rich libation pour.

But while the Fathers fan the spreading fire,
 The *Students*, show a similar desire;
 Intelligence at Hoxton, they receive,
 A suited offering would they gladly give;
 The sacrifice they'd make, themselves deny,
 A liberal sum in order to supply;
 A corresponding effort, will they make,
 And in the work, a cheerful interest take;
 Consider well the matter, —all consult,
 And to their seniors tell, the good result.

extent of his ability. It is not therefore, surprising, that a munificent subscription was named. About *Thirty thousand pounds* were pledged at this Manchester Meeting alone—a sum which will, as we are fully persuaded, be abundantly augmented in the different sections of Methodism by those, that shall feel themselves impelled, according to their power, to imitate so noble an example."

See now your Institution's sons arise,
 And one and all unite, to win the prize;
 Their love is kindled, now they feel anew,
 More than their all, to Wesleyanism is due;
 Here have they drank,—the draught increased their
 And songs of joy from ev'ry bosom burst; [thirst,
 Their time, their life, their very all they give,
 Determin'd, WESLEY'S sons to die, to live;
 The trust deposited, both safe and sure,
 To future generations, shall endure;
 The sacred system, they will well subserve,
 Perpetuate, uphold, defend, preserve;
 That benefits, which they themselves have known,
 Succeeding ages gratefully may own;
 "Are not these fond conclusions just and fair,"
 Said one to them "Am I mistaken here?"
 With simultaneous love, their hearts o'erflow,
 And the whole company, responded, "No;"
 This warm negation, soon they turn'd to gold,
Five hundred guineas their devotion told.*

But now they shape their course and reach the port,
 To LIVERPOOL, the Veterans resort;
 And in that emporium of the sea,
 They with one heart, continue to agree:
 MARSDEN, reminds them of the former days,
 Small was the tribute then, that they could raise;
 A few "half guineas," with some "shillings five,"
 Contributed to keep the work alive.

* At the meeting of the Students, Donations were promised to the amount of 500 Guineas.

In London too, just twenty years ago,
 They took the Mission room, at rental low;
 Yet for this deed, did they a lecture hear,
 "Twelve pounds for rent, is more than we can spare."

Here NEWTON too, with his commanding tongue,
 Gets up the steam, and drives the car along;
 "Up and be doing," was our Father's cry,
 "Up and be doing," do we all reply;
 They give the proof,—to *doing* they proceed,
 Some fifteen hundred, tells their *morning-deed*.

To the great CITY ROAD, they now repair,
 (Sure 'twas a mighty privilege to be there;)
 There WESLEY, with his BROTHER oft have stood,
 And many of the wise, the great, the good;
 There, BENSON, CLARKE, and WATSON rais'd their
 And now their bending spirits must rejoice; [voice,
 Though heaven's own glory, does their souls delight,
 Would they not "turn aside to see this sight;"
 On this glad day, presented to their Lord,
 Fruit of their toil, and part of their reward?
 Yes, sainted spirits!—'twas the feast of love,
 The dews of heav'n descended from above;
 While with original freshness, full of power,
 Primeval influence, blest the happy hour.

Here every tongue, is vocal in the cause,
 And hearts and hands, reverberate applause.
 An ELLIOT, as their Treasurer, ready stands,
 To take the offering of their willing hands;

Onward our motto is, cries Treasurer Wood,
 And BEAUMONT's fluent tongue, gives reasons good ;
 His eloquence of speech, like river Nile,
 Bounds o'er the ridges,—finds the valleys' soil ;
 His numbers voluble, without alloy,
 Tell of the ardour of his "little boy ;"*
 While he to JENKINS,† with a ready heart,
 His true and simple meaning would impart ;
 "JOHN WESLEY had no fire!—that I should say,
 Under the sun, is one mistake to day:
 No fire indeed!—why all his words were fire,
 His thoughts were truth, his heart was love entire ;
 His feet upon our mountains oft did go,
 As the light bounding hart, or fleeter roe ;
 His ministry, like thunder's seven-fold peal,
 Produced vibrations,—made each bosom feel ;
 Nor shall it cease, nor will it e'er be past,
 Until wrapp'd up in the archangel's blast."

* "I am exceedingly thankful it is in my power, to contribute my might towards this noble exhibition of Methodist bounty and liberality ; and my little boy, (he had been dangerously ill,) whom I could not help bringing with me, has begged me, again and again, to give one pound for him, and I give it with more pleasure than my own subscription."—Dr. Beaumont's speech.

+ "Dr. Beaumont, had described him (Mr. Wesley,) as being very calm, as having no fire, no imagination. Now, that was no picture of the man &c."—Speech of the Rev. William Jenkins.

The "LONDON LABORER," though his youth be
 Enjoys the grace to serve, and labor on;* [gone,
 His gratitude and love, he now reveals,
 And tells of WESLEY's letters, and his seals;
 The suited mottoes, of that early day,
 The words well-chosen, "Love,—believe,—obey;"
 And to this period of our history brought,
 He looks around, and cries, "what hath God wrought."
 While standing on a sad, peculiar spot,†
 The name of BUTTERWORTH, is not forgot;
 His loving mind suggested first, the plan
 To note the CENTURY of our God-like man.
 Time was, when he with consecrated heart,
Five hundred pounds was ready to impart;
 Not satisfied with this, in purpose staid,
 A liberal offer then, to them he made;
 "I pledge a hundred to increase the sum,
 For every thousand, that from all shall come."‡

The happy day, he was not spared to see,
 But they remember well, his piety;

* I feel that my outward man decays, and that I have
 not long to labor. But I wish that I may still

Enjoy the grace to Angels given,
 And serve the royal heirs of heaven."

Marriott's Speech.

† Mr. Marriott stood over the remains of Mr. Butterworth.

‡ At the Centenary of Mr. Wesley's ordination, Mr.
 Butterworth thought that event, ought to be commemo-
 rated, and offered £500. saying, "Here is a hundred to
 every thousand the connexion shall raise."

And FARMER, with a pleasure good and great,
 Resolves, his memory to perpetuate;
 And adds as token, of his sterling worth,
One hundred guineas now, for BUTTERWORTH.

Others arise, a WALTON, ELLIS, HEALD,
 And the good SERJEANT, of the battle-field;
 While multiplied oblations, seem to say,
 That MANCHESTER, is beaten well to day;
 "The sum munificent," said one, "put down,
 Is worthy this METROPOLIS and town:"
 "Name it" said they, "name it indeed," said he,
 "*Nine thousand and four hundred* is our fee!"
 In varied ways, the grateful torrents go,
 Memorial offerings, from each bosom flow;
 "One for his mother mourneth," and will give,*
 His "fifty pounds," to let her memory live.
 A child, "five guineas" gives, (no childish trick,)
 To aid the holy building, with a brick;
 While consentaneous hearts, by tribute glad,
 Say worth departed, shall be ever had
 In fond remembrance, with this jubilate,
 And deck'd with laurels, wear a lasting date;

* "I would wish here to place, some humble memorial of gratitude not only to individual worth. but upon the tomb of a Mother.—I propose to give £50. as one that mourneth for a Mother, and £20. each in remembrance of the Rev. Richard Watson, and Mrs. Bulmer."—Speech of Rev. W. M. Bunting.

Thus do they strive, determined there and then,
To have the sum complete, in *thousands ten*.

LONDON my native City,—thou'st done well!
Be it thy lot for ever, to excel;
Thy righteous ones, yet more and more increase,
And the great Lord, vouchsafe his constant peace;
His sure protection, be thy brazen wall,
And showers of blessings, ever on thee fall.

To BRISTOL next, the Messengers now go,
In EBENEZER, hear their praises flow;
On "classic ground" they tread, for it was there,
That WESLEY preach'd first, in the open air:
They hold their Lovefeast now, no time is lost,
All are baptized, with the Holy Ghost;
Jerusalem's fair scene, again takes place,
All of one soul, and on them plenteous grace;
In speaking and in giving, they delight,
And pride and self, stood speechless at the sight:
With joy they offer freely, of their store,
And IRVING, does his three five-hundreds pour.
The day declares their liberality,
Six thousand, hundreds four and seventy three.

From BRISTOL, they to BIRMINGHAM repair,
And the brave phalanx, well supports the chair;
Here they unite again, and jointly strive,
That the great cause, successfully may thrive;
A THORNEYCROFT, lifts up his cheering voice,
That widows and their children, may rejoice;

And numerous friends, a generous thoughtful class,
 Resolve in May,* a motion kind to pass;
 That having borne the burden and the heat,
 Our worn-out soldiers, calmly may retreat.
 As "little children," do they all become,
 And here again, they raise a princely sum;
 The fruit of CHERRY STREET, was sound and bright,
Four thousand and a half, their toils requite.

Once more prepar'd, again they take the field,
 And now, they hold their meeting at SHEFFIELD;
 Though HOLY BEET and LONGDEN, all are fled,
 Sons still are found, baptized for the dead;
 A HOLY† Treasurer, in a holy cause,
 Denotes their wisdom, and demands applause;
 While aged BEET, refers to former days,
 And LONGDEN tells of WESLEY, and his ways;

* "G. B. Thorneycroft Esq. remarked, that he hoped the gentlemen present would not forget, that an important duty remained for them to perform in the May District Meetings, in reference to the provision proposed to be made for the supernumerary preachers. He, and the numerous class of friends, who thought and acted with him in Manchester, could never have been brought to place this provision contingent on its passing the district meetings, but that they conceived it so very forcibly to commend itself to the justice and benevolence of the Methodist body, that one penny per member per quarter for such a purpose could never on any imaginable grounds be refused."—Report of the meeting.

† Thomas Holy Esq. was elected Treasurer, for the two Sheffield districts.

A VICARS too, two hundred he intends,
 The fire is kindled,—he, *five hundred* sends;*
 One “not a member”, in the cause intent,
 His gold “*or house*,” does cheerfully present;
 “The house” they cry, “but is the title good?”
 “Perfectly so,” “The *house* is understood”†
 While independent THORP, in guineas ten,
 Shows christian charity, and says, amen!
 The contributions, of that glorious day,
 More than *six thousand*, show’d in bright array;
 And NOTTINGHAM, agrees to swell the store,
 Adding *two thousand and seven hundred* more.

Unwearied still, devoted, firm and strong,
 To “heal the breaches,” they together throng;
 And unwithdrawing, in their mighty deeds,
 Their way is prosperous, they arrive at LEEDS:
 Here too, delightful harmony prevails,
 Nor labor tires, nor perseverance fails;

* “He came intending to give 200 Guineas; but while musing, the fire had kindled, and now he intended giving 500.”—Speech of Mr. Vicars.

† “A person not a member of the Methodist Society, made the offer 50 guineas, or a house in Hull worth 250. Several gentlemen said, “the house, Mr. Branson” “Is the title good?” Rev. R. Newton, “perfectly so,” Mr. B. “the house,” Rev. R. Newton, “what will you say if you get both,” The President, “in the name of this meeting I accept the alternative and say the house.”—Report of the meeting.

Here HARGRAVES, HALEY, GALLAND, SMITH, and
 Pour full oblations, from a heart of love : [DOVE,
 And others join with SCARTH, to raise th' amount,
 Carrying their hundreds, to the good account ;
 The "*local travelling Preacher*," here we see,
 A "nondescript,"* in preaching powers is he ;
 True to the cause, from it he will not shrink,
 But midst his brethren, forms "a middle link ;"
 While CHAPPELL, with good humour,—gen'rous soul,
 Incorporates the *Ladies*, with the whole ;
 And morn and night, is ready to attest,
 "That these fair creatures, are the very best
 Of God's creation ;—then employ them well,
 As good collectors, they will sure excel."

Attentively observe the great result,
 (For blindfold Plutus, deem'd it an insult ;)
 Their princely gatherings, here again commix,
 In *thousands ten, and hundreds almost six*.

But now adjourn'd to HULL, they meet their friends
 And gratitude, her rich donation sends ;
 Here WADDY preach'd, near fifty years ago,
 And now, his heart rejoicingly does glow ;
 While REECE and BEALEY, well assist the cause,
 And FARMER's speech, receives deserv'd applause ;
 "Oh let us build a bridge," we hear him say,
 "Hang it on cords of charity to-day ;

* "As for himself he had always been a nondescript, and was so still."—Mr. William Dawson's Speech.

That wanderers now, who o'er their rashness mourn,
 May to their Father's house at once return;
 In love reciprocal forgive,—forgiven,
 And catch the smile of Him, who dwells in heav'n;
 Then would the glory of the Lord appear,
 A hundred thousand, crown our *hundreth* year;
 And he whose power, has bless'd the WESLEY race,
 Should still prevent them, with abundant grace."

Thus *Yorkshire's* sons unflinchingly agree,
 And pour their gold and silver plenteously;
 They strive t'accelerate, the vast amount,
Six thousand and two hundred, here they count.

As the fair morning, was their going forth,
 And soon they gather, in the distant north;
 NEWCASTLE now, receives the worthy band,
 And numerous friends, from Shields and Sunderland;
 Brave CALEDONIA, represented stood,
 And all united, resolute and good;
 With joy of heart, religiously elate,
 The morn and evening, here they consecrate;
 This was the scene, where the two WESLEY's wrought,
 And sinners here, were by them often taught;
 Here was the *Orphan-house*, first of our schools,
 And here too, WESLEY penn'd his pristine rules,
 Here our sweet Psalmist, from Parnassus' mount,
 Rose over christian-poets, paramount;
 Here in the *Hospital*, died worthy BEARD,
 In the great cause of God, he nothing fear'd;
 And early names, with modern ones combine,
 To honor well, NEWCASTLE ON THE TYNE.

The author of "The Disputants," appears,
 And ably now, his testimony bears ;
 No more "The Institution," does he blame,
 But clears his errors, by a brilliant flame ;
 While the fam'd Doctor, greets his reverend friend,
 And hand in hand, they here together blend ;*

Hail ! for the good result, so kind, so large,
 Their hearts and pockets freighted, they discharge ;
 So quick they move, e'er fifty minutes go,†
Two thousand—hundreds eight, and ninety flow ;
 The evening comes, and as proceedings close,
 The pleasing fact, they publicly disclose ;
 The NORTHERN DISTRICT, in the work alive,
 Gives *hundreds, eighty-seven, and ninety-five*.

Proceeding still, they reach HIBERNIA's shore,
 And now their God they thank,—his name adore ;
 Preserv'd and brought together, they rejoice,
 Like "sound of many waters," lift their voice ;

* He (Dr. Bunting,) adverted especially to the well-known publication, entitled "The Disputants," and seeing the Rev. James Everett, the Author of that work, on the platform, who had lately made a public declaration of his change of sentiment ; he held forth his hand denominating the Rev gentlemen his friend. They shook hands amidst the applause of the auditory.

† "The result was that, in three-quarters of an hour, the Centenary fund had been augmented by the sum of £2,890.—Report of Newcastle morning meeting

And follow on, in undiminished zeal,
 T' accomplish the great object,—serve the weal
 Of the whole brotherhood, in every place,
 Partakers of the Saviour's truth and grace.

Prepared to help, the Sons of ERIN stand,
 With a warm Irish heart, and willing hand;
 And tell of WESLEY, and his early day,
 When he to IRELAND, sped his onward way;
 His gifted sons, with heart and tongue of flame,
 From the fair sister-island, often came;
 She gave a WALSH, McDONALD, ANDREW BLAIR,
 Our learned CLARKE, and MYLES with heart sincere;
 A WALTER GRIFFITH, and a SAMUEL WOOD,
 With others well consorted, great and good.

The Manchester Committee, show their care,
 From the great boon, a portion they will spare;
 That DUBLIN'S city, with a chapel graced,
 May show memorial, ne'er to be effaced;*

* Ireland has not been forgotten; the committee which met in Manchester appropriated a considerable sum to this country. £2000. were presented to their brethren in Ireland to form a Chapel fund, and £5000. to assist you in the building of a Centenary Chapel. (Cheers.) There should be in the Metropolis of Ireland a monument, similar to the monument to be raised in London. (Hear.) The Chapel in which I now stand was erected by Mr. Wesley four years after he first came to Ireland; and it is a delightful monument of the Methodism of that time. The lease of these premises is nearly expired and we are now called upon to erect another. It should be in

Six thousand for school-houses do they give,
 That Ireland's race, might know the truth and live ;
 While with a fellow-feeling, one and all,
 Say, "we be true,—and one our father call."

And true they were,—the *Tuesday evening* told,
 Unparsimonious doings, with their gold ;
 From day to day they meet, in concord strive,
 Until they reach *five thousand pounds, and five* ,
 While to augment the sum, deserving fame,
Twenty-six hundred pounds, from BELFAST came.

Thus mightily, did God their work succeed,
 It won its way, with more than rail-road speed ;
 Beyond their highest thoughts it goes,—it flies,
 And thousand after thousand, it supplies ;
 The Avalanche touch'd, by more than infant strength,
 In mighty movement, takes the valley's length ;
 And melted, by the vivifying sun,
 In genial streams throughout the desert run ;
 When on this cause, the Veterans did embark,
 Some days had passed, of November dark,

some conspicuous situation, and present a front and an appearance worthy of the cause: there should be an inscription upon it setting forth its object and the circumstances which gave birth to its erection; to assist that undertaking the sum of £5000. has been appropriated; £6000. more has been appropriated for the purpose of building Wesleyan School-houses in Ireland.—Speech of the President at the Dublin Meeting.

Yet e'er December's moon, had fill'd her horn,
 A splendid figure, did their list adorn ;
 While friends—new friends, from week to week ap-
 To cheer their souls, and silence every fear. [pear,
 In *four* short *months*,* so glorious is their way,
 Such grateful love, does every bosom sway ;
 They “offer willingly,” with “perfect heart,”
 And all their store, stand ready to impart :
 Sum after sum recorded, seems to tell,
 To minimums, they've bid a long farewell.
 No more of hundreds speak, to *thousands* go,
One hundred, seventy-five, our coffers show.†

Thanks to these liberal souls,—chief thanks to God,
 He caused these fertile streams, to flow abroad ;
 Oh Sons of WESLEY! wonder and adore,—
 Glory to Him, our strength for evermore !



* The first meeting at Manchester was held on the 7th of November, and before the close of the year upwards of £111,000. had been subscribed.

+ “We have great pleasure in informing our readers that the grand total at present is nearly £175,000.”—
 Watchman March 6th 1839.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY.

BOOK XII.

Creation of the World.—God's approval of his works.—High intelligences rejoice together on a survey of the whole.—Thus with our official Men.—Meeting of the Centenary Conference.—Lessey takes the Chair.—Speech of the Ex-president.—Resolutions of the Committee.—Celebration of the event.—Centenary Sermon.—The President's discourse.—Ordination of the Young Preachers.—Sailing of the Triton.—Centenary day kept at Home.—Celebrations in Australia.—Southern Africa.—North American Provinces.—West Indies, &c.—The grand result of all.—The future prospect inspires delight.

WHEN the Great Architect, in skill divine,
Did the formation, of our world design;
Eternal, underived, supreme in force,
Of life and being, the essential source;

Clothed with honor, and in glory bright,
 Nature arose, by his inherent might ;
 Forming from nothing the chaotic mass,
 Which spread before him, he alone could class ;
 A rude, unfashion'd, indigested void,
 Without a form, of symmetry devoid ;
 'Twas sable night, the elements asleep,
 And darkness cover'd all the spacious deep ;
 No order mark'd, the het'rogeneous scene,
 Nor in the whole was life, or beauty seen.

But soon the great Creator lifts his voice,
 Disposes all according to his choice ;
 "Let there be light," the shadows fly away,
 And darkness, turns to full meridian day ;
 Order and beauty, mark the course of time,
 All is arranged harmoniously, sublime ;
 The glorious sun, the silvery moon appear,
 The twinkling stars adorn the hemisphere ;
 While man as nature's sovereign nobly stood,
 And God well-pleased, pronounced it "very good."

This was the time, when angel-choirs elate,
 Their Maker's works conspir'd to celebrate ;
 Adam exists :—eternal silence ends,
 Nature delighted, adoration sends
 To the great Lord of all,—who reigns above
 His vast creation,—shows that he is love ;
 The "morning stars," now their best notes employ,
 And "sons of God," together shout for joy ;*

* See Job xxxviii. 4-9.

All wonder-struck before the Eternal name,
Sing hallelujah, and his praise proclaim.

So was it too, with WESLEY's morning stars,
On the glad day, delivered from all jars ;
They met together full of holy heat,
Their Centenary theme, almost complete ;
Jehovah's matchless power, had been display'd,
His spiritual creation, they survey'd ;
And now from various quarters, lo they bring,
Tidings of joy, which make each spirit sing ;
To LIVERPOOL resorting with one mind,
The presence of their gracious Lord, they find ;
More than five hundred preachers here combine,*
To praise, adore, and bless the hand divine ;
That oft has signaliz'd, their opening way,
Preserv'd them, to their CENTENARY-DAY ;
Upheld them in the path, that they should go,
And made their wond'ring hearts, with love o'erflow.

With cordial love, in BRUNSWICK now they meet,
And LESSEY takes the presidential seat ;
Inducted into office, see him rise,
And pray, for large out-pourings from the skies ;
The CENTENARY CONFERENCE mov'd his soul,
His brethren lov'd him, and he lov'd the whole ;
First of the Preacher's sons who filled the chair,
He asked their candor, and he sought their prayer ;

* The attendance at the Centenary Conference was unusually large, the names of 513 preachers appeared on the list as authorized to attend.

That the high duties, of his weighty charge,
He faithfully, with kindness might discharge.

ENTWISLE saintly man, speaks softly now,
And simply shows, by whom, the when, the how,
"Our Father said, 'If I were bid to fly,
He that commanded, would the wings supply.'"

But now unitedly, their thanks they vote,
To him who did the cause so well promote;
"He took their thanks, they must afford him joy,
He thought himself, not meet for such employ;
But while in love, to serve them he had striven,
Higher he rose, communing more with heaven;
The by-gone days, to him the shortest were,
For 'skies drop fatness,' on their hundreth year."

Oh ye that heard him! spare the Poet's pen,
He seem'd unearthly 'midst our chiefest men;
The hallow'd feeling every bosom owned,*
Devotion, sat upon his brow enthroned;
And her affection, by his speech inspired,
Pervaded all, and every spirit fired.

* The author had the happiness of being present when the thanks of the Conference was presented to the Ex-President. The deep and sacred emotions produced by his speech on that occasion must live in the remembrance of all who were then present. Indeed to an exile long unaccustomed to such a scene, the whole assembly appeared to his delighted eye as a "little heaven below"

See, now united, happy and jocund,
 The grand Committee, of the mighty fund;
 They meet with list'ning ear,—the Treasurer tells,
 That the good work progressing, still excels;
 The cash in hand, right glad is he to see,
 A handsome sum, of *thousands, ninety-three*.*

Now they resolve, forthwith the sum divide,
 While thanks to God, are heard on every side;
 His unction copious, on his people shed,
 Fell on each heart, bedew'd each sacred head.
 The members poor, the children, claim their care,
 That of the pleasure, they may have a share;†
 While one and all, make it their sweet employ,
 To bless our God, and fill his courts with joy.

The day arrives, the Conference suspends,
 The weighty business, which to it appends:‡
 The opening morn, by prayer they consecrate,
 With hallowed gratitude commemorate
 The love and mercy, of their gracious Lord,
 Who does their toils so plenteously reward;

* "He (the Treasurer) was happy to announce, that the money in hand amounted to the handsome sum of *Ninety-three thousand pounds*."

+ See the resolutions of the general committee of the Wesleyan Centenary fund held in Liverpool.—Minutes of Conference 1839.

‡ The Conference suspended business, and devoted the whole of Monday (August 5th) to the celebration of the Centenary.

That the high duties, of his weighty charge,
He faithfully, with kindness might discharge.

ENTWISLE saintly man, speaks softly now,
And simply shows, by whom, the when, the how,
"Our Father said, 'If I were bid to fly,
He that commanded, would the wings supply.'"

But now unitedly, their thanks they vote,
To him who did the cause so well promote ;
"He took their thanks, they must afford him joy,
He thought himself, not meet for such employ ;
But while in love, to serve them he had striven,
Higher he rose, communing more with heaven ;
The by-gone days, to him the shortest were,
For 'skies drop fatness,' on their hundreth year."

Oh ye that heard him! spare the Poet's pen,
He seem'd unearthly 'midst our chiefest men ;
The hallow'd feeling every bosom owned,*
Devotion, sat upon his brow enthroned ;
And her affection, by his speech inspired,
Pervaded all, and every spirit fired.

* The author had the happiness of being present when the thanks of the Conference was presented to the Ex-President. The deep and sacred emotions produced by his speech on that occasion must live in the remembrance of all who were then present. Indeed to an exile long unaccustomed to such a scene, the whole assembly appeared to his delighted eye as a "little heaven below"

See, now united, happy and jocund,
 The grand Committee, of the mighty fund;
 They meet with list'ning ear,—the Treasurer tells,
 That the good work progressing, still excels;
 The cash in hand, right glad is he to see,
 A handsome sum, of *thousands, ninety-three*.*

Now they resolve, forthwith the sum divide,
 While thanks to God, are heard on every side;
 His unction copious, on his people shed,
 Fell on each heart, bedew'd each sacred head.
 The members poor, the children, claim their care,
 That of the pleasure, they may have a share;†
 While one and all, make it their sweet employ,
 To bless our God, and fill his courts with joy.

The day arrives, the Conference suspends,
 The weighty business, which to it appends:‡
 The opening morn, by prayer they consecrate,
 With hallowed gratitude commemorate
 The love and mercy, of their gracious Lord,
 Who does their toils so plenteously reward;

* "He (the Treasurer) was happy to announce, that the money in hand amounted to the handsome sum of *Ninety-three thousand pounds*."

+ See the resolutions of the general committee of the Wesleyan Centenary fund held in Liverpool.—Minutes of Conference 1839.

‡ The Conference suspended business, and devoted the whole of Monday (August 5th) to the celebration of the Centenary.

On this glad day, lifting up heart and voice,
In Jesu's love, victoriously rejoice.

But now the gather'd crowds in BRUNSWICK wait,
The sacred words are read in solemn state;
The pealing organ sounds, majestic, slow,
And tongues uniting, tell that hearts o'erflow
With joy extatic, while on Him they call,
Their God and Father, who has bless'd them all.
In pure devotion, now are all immix'd,
All ears attend,—all eyes intently fix'd;
While JACKSON'S voice, in grand simplicity,
Enunciates, "Your calling, brethren, see;
Not many great or wise, our God hath chose,
The wisdom of the world, with skill t'oppose;
But weak and foolish things, his power declare,
To bring to nought, the mighty things that are."

The text well-chosen, we rejoiced to hear,
Touchingly suited, to our *hundredth* year;
And he, who oft had told of WESLEY'S way,
Now crown'd the whole, on this CENTENARY day.
His lengthen'd words,* too few, too short appear'd,
He won attention, by the theme endear'd:
Sustain'd by power descending from above,
Pre-eminently fill'd, with grace and love;

* The Sermon of the Ex-President occupied in its delivery three hours within a few minutes, and was heard with profound interest and attention even by those who were compelled to stand for more than that time.

We gaz'd upon his visage,—calmly bright,—
His every thought, convey'd intense delight.

The evening came, and precious was the hour,
When LESSEY told of God, and of his power:*

“The beauty of our Lord, upon us be,
Thy glory let us, and our children see;
Our work establish, as thou seest fit,
Yea all our work, thou shalt establish it.”

Shout for the word, and bless the preacher's tongue,
His numbers fell upon the list'ning throng:
His lofty subject, clearly he pursued,
Which showed how deeply, he the topic viewed;
While consentaneous, all new interest felt,
And at the scene, with love all bosoms melt.

Thus did they all, in mutual gladness strive,
To keep the flame of gratitude alive;
And the rememb'rance, of the happy day,
In minds of thousands, ne'er shall pass away.†

Connected with this convocation, stood
Another solemn service, great and good;

* The evening discourse of the President, from Psalm xc. 16-17. was both able and appropriate.

† “Thus (says The Watchman,) terminated the services of a day, which will not only be associated with feelings of the liveliest interest and gratitude, in the minds of thousands and tens of thousands of the present generation, but will be memorable, so long as it exists, in the ANNALS OF METHODISM.”

The sacred edifice again o'erflows,
 While every heart, with thankful feeling glows.
 The Christian Ministry, by God was given,
 To show the path, and lead the way to heaven:
 And now delighted, do our eyes survey,
 Of our blest Sion's fruit, a rich display;
 Oh, 'twas indeed a soul-affecting view,
 To mark the youthful band, of *fifty-two*,*
 Rising before their Fathers, fill'd with joy,
 And vow their varied talents to employ
 In publishing the love, the truth, the grace,
 Of Him who died, for Adam's fallen race.

Again they meet, in strong devotion join,
 That Heaven may own, the consecrated sign,
 Of laying on of hands, with humble prayer:
 Now they invoke a full,—a double share
 Of the Great Spirit, on each head and heart,
 All ministerial fulness to impart;
 Making these Gospel Sons successful rise,
 In "winning souls," magnificently wise.

The charge they hear, a reverend Father's voice
 Tells,—kindly tells, his heart does now rejoice;
 Yet, taught by the experience of years,
 They mov'd his anxious soul, almost to tears;

* The services connected with the ordination of fifty-two young Ministers, were of no ordinary character. The Author had seen no such sight for many years, and he rejoiced to be there.

Oh! should they fail, in doing well their deed,
 Then would he say in tender love, "Take heed
 Unto the Master's word, and holy will,
 The Ministry receiv'd, let each fulfil."

The Mission Ship, (and TRITON is her name,)
 Now ready is, to trumpet Jesu's fame;
 Prepar'd for passage, to the Southern Sea:
 A goodly Mission-band, in amity,
 Reveal their feelings,—quit their native shore,
 And haste the South Sea Islands to explore:
 Prompted by holy love, their friends they leave,
 And to each other, in affection cleave;
 While the great work, they to their God commend,
 And seek, that now his blessing he may send
 On them engaging in his sacred toils,
 As messengers divine, to distant isles.

The fixed time arrives, the pious crew,
 Who love the cause, with STEWARD INGLEDEW;*
 All ready are, while he with steward's heed,
 Observes the fitting time, and does the deed;
 His judgment sound, his creed quite orthodox,
 "The *Mission Ship*, should have a *Mission Box*;
 Now friends around, e'er we lose sight of land,
 Must give a pull, and lend a helping hand."

* Thomas Inglelew the Steward, brought a Missionary Box upon deck saying that the committee wanted 100,000. and it was therefore necessary that every one should lend a hand.

The hand they lent, the box their gifts receiv'd,
And parting, thus a worthy deed achiev'd.

Meanwhile unfurl'd, they spread the swelling sails,
A deep and lasting sympathy prevails.
The flags are gayly floating in the breeze,
(Long may they float,—the glory of the seas:)
One bears *our* "Union Jack," with motto high,
"Glory to God for ever, in the sky;"
The other tells what WESLEY oft confest,
With us is God,—of all, this is the best.

And now they bear away, the sails are fill'd,
Adieus are over, all in silence still'd:—
But hark that sound! 'tis thrilling to the ear,
Once more they rally, give the parting cheer,†
While hearts are feeling more than tongues can tell,
In this keen moment, of their last farewell.

Well, TRITON, *Ship of Mercy*, peace to thee!
Peace to thy inmates, on the deep blue sea!
Where-e'er thy canvass fills, or streamers flow,
May our GREAT PILOT, ever with thee, go;
While messengers of mercy, by thee borne,
Shall oft to Sion's port, with joy return;

† The Author speaks feelingly, he with his family, embarked in St. George's Bay Grenada, on May 17th 1839, and when his friends in a large boat, put from the side of the "*Berkely*," they gave *three parting cheers*.—Memory must die before they can be forgotten.

And distant tribes, shall hail thee to their shore,
Salute thy signals, and our God adore.

But now October comes, and all agree,
To celebrate the grand CENTENARY:
The Preachers, Friends, and Members all unite,
In simultaneous concourse they delight;
Our teeming flocks, now crowd in Sion's ways,
And past success, incites to hallow'd praise;
The mingled songs of thousands re-attest,
From North to South, from East to distant West.*
O'er all, through all, in all, the feeling reigns,
"God is our God," and his own cause maintains;
To him we give, united and sincere,
The praise and glory, of our HUNDRETH year.

Nor was this jubilee, to home confin'd,
Remotest Islands heard the trump, and join'd
In the hosanna, the loud swelling song,
Catching the sound, and speeding it along;
Till e'en to people, once enwrapt in night,
The WESLEYAN CENTENARY, gave delight.
In Gibraltar, festively they join,
And signify to all, the hand divine
Has them upheld, along their devious way,
And safely kept, to the Centenary-day.
The little ones, of various tribes refresh'd,
Sang "Live Victoria," and their joy express'd;

* It is impossible to notice the multiplied Centenary meetings which were held in various parts of the connexion, but all were more or less worthy of the great event celebrated, and unitedly produced a glorious result.

While Spanish, Portuguese, and English gaze,
 On scene as gay, as e'er met solar rays.
 The chagrin'd Priests, pronounc'd them all accurs'd,
 But praise to God, from every bosom burst.

In PARIS too, they give their vote of thanks,
 And tell it well, in seventy hundred franks;
 The Frenchman dreads no more, an English crew,
 But acts in concert, with affection true.

The mutual joy, adapted well to please,
 Now finds its way, to our antipodes;
 In SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Wesleyans are found,
 To yield their gold, and consecrate the ground;
 Far, far away, in distant ADELAIDE;*
 With ready heart, the cheerful tribute's paid;
 In CENTENARY zeal, they here devote
 Their hundreds, now the building to promote
 Of the fair Temple, where their God will dwell,
 And children yet unborn, his praise shall tell.

But southern Africa, no longer waits,
 For GRAHAM'S TOWN the time anticipates:
 An interesting sight, was this to see,
 Four or five hundred sitting down to tea;
 While numerous papers thankfully record,
 Their free-will-offerings, to their heavenly Lord;

* In a private letter the Author was informed, that at a Centenary Tea-meeting held at Adelaide, the sum of between four and five hundred pounds was paid down towards their chapel.

An "aged member," from old England's west,
 Declares that God in blessing, him hath blest;
 And *fifty* with his *hundred*, he presents,
 Rejoicing truly, in such great events:
 With fervid love, these liberal souls o'erflow,
Three thousand and three fifties, they bestow.

On the high day, our brethren in the west,
 Resolv'd in love, to do their very best;
 Americans, with British Wesleyans join,
 To celebrate in songs, the Hand Divine.
 Canada comes, and pours her tribute too,
 Thank-offerings now she feels, are justly due;
 While *seventeen hundred pounds*, within an hour,
 Betoken zeal, and unity, and power;
 And tributary streams, unite to raise,
 The consecrated sum, our God to praise.

The NORTHERN PROVINCES, in zeal conspire,
 And they too catch, the Centenary fire;
 The call they answer, of the Parent state,
 And well prepar'd, come forth to celebrate
 By contributions, in a liberal way,
 The jubilee of this auspicious day.

Nor can the Poet pass his former friends,
 BAHAMA DISTRICT, gratulation sends;
 NASSAU and HARBOUR ISLE, and TARPUM BAY,
 All join to bless, the CENTENARY-DAY.*

* See the letter of the Chairman of the Bahama District.—In the Watchman of January 1st.

The laborers in that scene of arduous toil,
 Looked on each other, with a happy smile;
 While kind subscriptions flowed, from islands poor,
 And thankful souls, brought forth their little store.
 Hearts now united, in communion sweet,
 Our Founders words to gratefully repeat.

God bless ye brethren, and your little flocks,
 By day, by night, I've sailed among your rocks;
 Let poor "OLD JOHN,"* be now recorded too,
 For he to Missionaries was kind and true;
 While others, oft allayed my anxious fears,
 Amidst the toils, of seven successive years.

The CENTENARY movement, vast, sublime,
 Pursues its course untir'd, from clime to clime;
 The Mission Isles, rejoice to bear a part,
 In consecrated offerings of the heart;
 Partakers of the bliss, which others feel,
 In demonstrations, of a kindred zeal;
 JAMAICA, HAYTI, DEMERARA too,
 GRENADA, TRINIDAD, the work pursue,
 And black, and white, join our CENTENARY lay,
 On this West-Indian, happy holiday.

At home, abroad, around, from low, from high,
 One loud doxology ascends the sky;

* The name of "Old John" of Rock Sound, is mentioned in Mr. Corlett's letter.—For more than three years he was the constant attendant on the writer of these lines in his travels on the Eleuthera Station, and the kind and sincere friend of all the Missionaries.

One consentaneous song, to God they raise,
 Adoring still, his wond'rous works and ways;
 A million mites united, show around,
 That peace and grace, now WESLEY'S sons surround.

But time would fail, the Reader's patience tire,
 To tell of doings, which we all admire;
 Suffice to say,—the world is now our field,
 And every section, does a tribute yield;
 All, all around, delights the watchful eye,
 Our God has bless'd us, with a rich supply;
 The *minimum* is deluged,—banks o'erflow,
 While gratitude suggests, it should be so:
 Then speak no more—of *eighty thousand* talk!
 The sum *thrice told*, shall expectation balk;
 Take, take it Treasurer! to thy soul's content:
 Laid up in heaven,—to God tis nobly lent;
 While onward flowing, hundreds still shall come,
 And fright old Mammon, with a princely sum.

Glory to God,—glory to God on high,
 Ten thousand tongues, most joyfully reply;
 Oh sons of WESLEY! let our unborn race
 Give *all the glory*, to the God of grace;
 Mean-while our brethren, children, one and all,
 Obey the masters condescending call;
 And prosecute the work, in zeal and love,
 With unction rich, descending from above;
 Favored of God, in blessing greatly bless'd,
 His gracious presence, in our church confess'd;
 While they their way, shall win from shore to shore,
 Till nature dies, and time shall be no more.

Let Wesleyan piety, by Heaven's command,
 Spread far and wide, and leaven all the land;
 Our children's children, tell of WESLEY's deeds,
 While *century* after *century* succeeds;
 Until the kingdom our Messiah gains,
 And high enthroned, our God triumphant reigns.

Oh ye! whose eye perspective views afar,
 The coming light of yonder morning star;
 Say, what shall be, when in its upward way,
 It splendid shines, with overpowering ray;
 And tell me, ye who have the power to scan,
 Oh tell me! if ye dare, or if ye can
 What shall *another Century* produce,
 If WESLEY's sons, preserved to sacred use,
 Bless'd by our God, shall onward, onward go,
 With light and peace, this earth to overflow.

Oh yes! with Sheba's Queen, my spirit faints,
 The blessed future, all my fancy paints;
 I see the teeming myriads arise
 In our dear Zion, fitted for the skies;
 While Father Spirits, from the better land,
 Look down astonished at the coming band;
 And sainted WESLEY, with a heavenly glee,
 Strikes the loud harp, at each CENTENARY.

F I N I S .

